
THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

For the Month of *October* 1759.

ARTICLE I.

The modern Part of an Universal History, from the earliest Account of Time. Compiled from original Writers. By the Authors of the Antient Part. Vol. X. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Milar.

HOWEVER independent the grandeur of a state, and the felicity of its subjects may be supposed in other respects, they are generally admitted, with respect to commerce, to be inseparable. As private men receive greater security, in the possession of their trade and wealth, from the power of the public, so the public becomes powerful in proportion to the riches and extensive commerce of individuals. Labour may improve the soil, and add to the national wealth: arms may extend the dominions of a state, and render it for a time flourishing; but it is trade alone that can establish the happiness of the people on a fixed and immoveable basis. As Great Britain, in particular, owes her wealth, her naval power, and weight in the scale of Europe, to this noble monument of human industry and genius, an accurate history of the most considerable branch of her commerce, cannot fail of affording equal amusement and instruction to a judicious reader. We cannot therefore doubt, but the volume before us, of the *Universal History*, will be received by the public with uncommon applause, as the authors seem to have exerted all their care and attention in rendering it complete, and the first copious or regular history of the English and Dutch East India companies, that has ever appeared in our language.

From the authorities which they quote in their margin, we can easily apprehend the difficulties of composing a series of history from the detached pieces, general accounts, and lame voyages,
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which formed all their materials for the English East India company. 'It is with reason, say they, that we complain of the want of proper materials for compiling a full, just, and accurate history of our expeditions into Asia, and the rise and progress of the East India company. No nation has been less careful than we, of preserving and digesting into method, the memorials of such occurrences as are absolutely necessary, to the design of tracing this great branch of the English commerce from its original. Perhaps greater helps are to be met with from foreign writers, many important transactions, than from our own. Here little occurs, besides succinct passages in our general historians, that can reflect any light on our subject during the earlier period; and the great misfortune of foreign authors is, that they write with a visible partiality, prejudice, and passion, that greatly diminish the weight of their authority.' This observation, which we believe to be just, as the authors had the best opportunities of examining all the materials, reflects equally on the gratitude and good sense of a people so much obliged to commerce, and so far advanced in literature; but we will avoid enlarging upon a subject which we mention with regret.

This volume contains the history of the rise, progress, and establishment of the English and Dutch East India companies; the nature of their constitution; the extent of their possessions; the importance of their commerce; the value and nature of the commodities they export and import; the form of government, or rule established in their colonies; their domestic œconomy, with a thousand other curious and important particulars. First in order comes the English company, which commences with an entertaining review of the arguments advanced for and against the Asiatic trade in general, and its being carried on by a company, in particular: then follows a distinct narrative of the circumstances which gave birth to an immediate commerce between this nation and the Indies, and to the charter of this wealthy corporation; of the first expeditions made by their ships to the different ports of Asia; of the numberless difficulties they encountered, in the very infancy of the trade, owing to the jealousy of the Portuguese and Dutch; the one the greatest maritime power then in Europe, and the other advancing by large strides to that pitch of power and insolence to which they soon arrived. Here we find a full and satisfactory account of the horrible tragedy acted by the Dutch at Amboyna; an action of so perfidious and black a complexion, as cannot, perhaps, be paralleled in the annals of human nature: however, we shall content ourselves with quoting the arguments advanced by our historians,

in confirmation of the innocence of the English victims, and in opposition to all the allegations of the Dutch writers. As it has ever since been a disputed point whether the English were not the first aggressors, the following extract will be agreeable, we hope, to every reader, who entertains a just sense of national honour, and harbours in his breast the seeds of resentment, for an injury hitherto unrevengeed.

‘ The day following the trial by torture was spent by order of the governor in public rejoicings, and thanksgiving for so signal an escape and deliverance from a pretended conspiracy, and for the iniquitous extirpation of their rival traders. On the succeeding day, *Beaumont, Sharrock, Collins, and Webber*, were brought before the governor, who informed *Sharrock*, that he was to go to *Jacatra*, and rely upon the general’s mercy; and the rest, that they were pardoned by his own grace and compassion. He then entertained them with wine, and other instances of a false and treacherous regard, verifying, by his conduct, the truth of the poet’s remark, that

A man may smile and smile, and be a villain.

‘ Business being thus ended at *Amboyna*, the governor and fiscal proceeded for *Banda*, where, after the severest scrutiny into the conduct of Mr. *Welden*, the *English* agent, nothing was found that could in the least justify a suspicion, or answer their purpose. They therefore returned, happily disappointed of their cruel intention of repeating the late horrid tragedy. *Welden*, perceiving the disorder of the company’s officers at *Amboyna*, hired a vessel, and directly sailed thither. Having arrived, he sent for the company’s servants, remanded by the *Dutch* governor to the upper factories, and minutely examining them, and comparing their report with the dying declarations of those who were executed, he could not doubt of its being a premeditated scheme of the governor’s to ruin the *English* trade there. Finding it neither consistent with the honour or interest of the company, or safety of the factors, longer to reside here, he withdrew the poor remnant of *English*, and embarked them along with him for *Jacatra*. As for the company’s effects which had been seized, we do not find that he ever could prevail upon the *Dutch* governor to restore them; a circumstance which, without farther proof, would condemn the *Dutch*, and leave no doubt of their intentions, in the mind of any unprejudiced or impartial judge. The fatal news no sooner reached the *English* at *Jacatra*, than the president and council, moved with horror at the barbarity of the proceedings of the governor and fiscal at *Amboyna*, sent to demand

mand of the *Dutch* general, by what authority the governor and fiscal carried their savage usage to such an extreme against the *English*, and whether he approved of their conduct? The general's answer was, that the governor of *Amboyna* acted in consequence of a power vested in him by the Lords the *States General*; by virtue of which he was supreme in all cases, civil and military, within the jurisdiction of his government. Further, that his proceedings against the *English* traitors were not only just, but indispensably necessary; as might be seen by the copy of their confession, which he, the general, transmitted to the *English* president and council.

‘ Thus it appears, that the massacre at *Amboyna* was not the wanton act of the governor and fiscal; though their natural dispositions might add to the cruelty of the circumstances; but the cool, deliberate, and concerted measure of the *Dutch* company, afterwards countenanced and supported by the *States General*, by a thousand arts and subterfuges, by false glosses, and spurious copies of extorted confessions. The first *true declaration*, as it is called, of the conspiracy, transmitted to *Europe*, June 1624, by the *Hare* pinnace, is a notorious and base forgery, wherein the confessions of the unhappy *English* are interpolated, mangled, and castrated, in such a manner, as to set the governor's conduct in the best view; but unhappily, as murder will ever discover itself by some unforeseen circumstances, this copy of their confession differs widely, in the most important particulars, from that sent to *Jacatra*, and from the original, which was, by order, transmitted the following year.

‘ Without entering upon the particulars of what has been advanced by both parties, we shall beg leave to recapitulate a few circumstances, which render the innocence of those unfortunate persons in the highest degree credible, and the conduct of the *Dutch*, as well as their motives, not only suspicious, but even, beyond contradiction, base, insidious, and barbarous. And, in the first place, does not their conduct at *Po-leroon* and *Bantam* sufficiently declare their views, and evince that they were determined to stick at no means to enjoy the whole property of the spice islands? What could induce the *English* at *Amboyna*, if they were conscious of guilt, not to escape the punishment they saw inflicted upon their pretended confederates the *Japanese*, for four days before they were called in question? They could not rely on the fidelity and constancy of those wretches against the excruciating torments of the rack. Nor could they imagine, when the end of the torture was to extort a false confession, that the *Dutch* governor would pay no regard

to the evidence against them, especially after the late quarrels with him. It might also be asked, in what manner, or with what prospect of success, a fortress strong by nature, and garrisoned by a body of two or three hundred foot soldiers, besides an equal number of free burghers, always ready and undoubted friends upon every danger, could be reduced by twelve or fourteen *English*, and an equal number of *Japanese*, without one military person among them? Or, if they had the good fortune to succeed in their scheme of seizing upon the citadel, in spite of the endeavours of a vigilant, crafty, suspicious governor and regular troops, with what prospect could they hope to maintain their conquest? *Towerfon*, *Colson*, and some others of the *English*, appear to have been men of understanding, who could not possibly adopt such a plan, if it had been proposed to them by some of the more warm but unthinking servants of the company. Only two evidences appeared against *Towerfon* in particular; one of which alledged, that such a proposal had been made to him, but that he rejected it with indignation. The other declared, previously and subsequent to the torture, that what he was going and had confessed was in consequence of the cruel torments inflicted upon him, from which he would readily rid himself at any rate. Admitting, therefore, the authority of the governor to take cognizance of the offence, and that some were criminal, upon what pretext or evidence was *Towerfon*, the principal *Englishman* in the island, executed? But the feigned conspiracy is rendered still more improbable, when it is considered, that all the materials in the possession of the *English* for so hazardous and difficult an attempt, were three old swords, two useless muskets, and half a pound of powder, with some small shot. It is urged, the intention might be to blow up and destroy, not to seize, the citadel; a fact acknowledged by the extorted confession of one of the criminals. But was half a pound of powder sufficient for the execution of this desperate attempt? Supposing the plan to succeed, did the *English* propose to bury themselves in the ruins? or did they resolve to defend themselves against the garrisons of three other forts in the island, and all the crews of several *Dutch* ships lying in the road? It cannot be imagined but a man of *Towerfon*'s understanding would have considered this circumstance. But to pass over a thousand absurdities in the defence the *Dutch* have made, is there no credit due to the testimony of men as unanimous in their denial as they were dissonant in their confession? a confession extorted by the most excruciating tortures, drawn from them by the cunning and cruelty of their judges, as well as the utmost power of torture by the elements of fire and water. Is there, it may be asked, no credit to be given to a firm, steady, and uniform de-

nial of a confession thus extorted, inconsistent with itself, at a time, too, the most solemn and awful, upon the brink of eternity, all the powers of their consciences awake, all temporal considerations vanished, and nothing before their eyes but death, judgment, and the account they were to render before the tremendous tribunal? Surely, the unfeeling and callous hearts, even of the governor and fiscal, whatever their avarice, their fears, or their inhumanity might formerly suggest, could not but admit such an evidence!

‘On the other hand, the *Dutch* had many motives to tempt them to a piece of cruelty from which they apprehended no consequences which their power, their cunning, and their wealth could not obviate. Their unbounded avarice; their eager desire to possess the whole trade of the *Moluccas*, *Banda*, and *Ambeyna*; their constant jealousy of the progress the *English* made in the *East India* trade, together with many other circumstances, induce us to believe, that a nation, the very basis and foundation of whose power, and the first and vital principle of whose constitution, is the quest of money, would not be scrupulous or delicate in an affair which so cheaply procured to them so great an advantage. The phlegmatic, cold, and determined disposition of the people of that country, render actions perfectly consistent with their character, which would be hardly credible of other nations. Perhaps the lenity, indolence, corruption, and timidity of our court at that time, might be a collateral inducement with them to venture upon an expedient equally important to their interest, and shameful to this nation. The king, whose weakness could be exceeded by nothing but his conceit, could at any time be diverted from the pursuit of glory and national interest, by a theological disputation, where he was admitted to the princely honour of sitting as arbiter; while his ministry, as covetous as indigent, would sacrifice the good of the state, the honour of the kingdom, and their own reputation, to the sordid purposes of gratifying an insatiable lust of money, fraught with arguments equally solid and weighty, not only to a *Dutchman*, but to a *Hottentot*. But besides the unanimous denial of all the prisoners, *English* and *Japanese*, at their last moments, not one paper, letter, or token, was found by the *Dutch*, to countenance their suspicions, after they had seized, ransacked, and plundered, all the chests, boxes, and cabinets of the factors. From these, and an infinite number of other presumptions, the *English* company, the nation, and indeed all *Europe*, naturally concluded the plot to be on the side of the *Dutch*; and indeed, if the above circumstances were insufficient to prove it, their seizing upon all the *English* factories in the spice islands
soon

soon after, falls little short of a demonstration of their intentions.

‘ In this manner, and by these methods, were the *English* company driven out of the spice islands; which the *Dutch* engrossing to themselves have remained sole possessors of to this day. The death of king *James* soon after, put an end to any prospects there might be to remedy this disaster. The early embarrassments and disturbances which were transmitted with the crown to his successor, disabled that prince from paying all the regard to the commercial interest which his good sense suggested, or to humanity and justice, the debt his heart acknowledged, and his revenge dictated. That he attended to it, cannot be doubted, since it is evident he granted letters of request, which were presented to the States General, for obtaining suitable satisfaction to the *English East India* company, for their injuries and losses by the governor of *Amboyna*. This measure had not the desired effect; nor did the king pursue it, in hopes of finding a favourable opportunity of being revenged by giving some signal blow to the *Dutch* maritime force, and for ever putting it out of their power to interrupt the *English* commerce, or to execute their favourite scheme of dividing the *Spanish Netherlands* with *France*; a scheme by which they hoped, in confederacy with that court, to dispute the *English* title to the sovereignty of the narrow seas.’

To this succeeds a detail of the progress of the company’s affairs, till their dividends became so large as to excite the avarice of the private merchants, and a powerful cabal against them, who neglected no means to procure a revocation of their charter, and to have the trade laid open to all the subjects of Great Britain. The heats, animosities, and train of bare-faced parliamentary corruption, consequent on these mercantile contentions are related very explicitly, and in a manner more entertaining than might be expected from the nature of the subject.

After this follows a long narration of the transactions of the company abroad and at home, till the private merchants had interest enough to procure to themselves a charter, under the name and title of the *New East India* company, with the same privileges as the old company, which still maintained their charter. The establishment of the two companies only served to widen the breach, and foment a quarrel, which would probably have ended in the ruin of both, and possibly of the trade, if the endeavours of some dispassionate and more considerate persons had not happily effected a coalition of interests, and union of stocks, in the form in which the *East India* company at present subsists.

Nothing very interesting occurs after this, till commodore Barnet was sent towards the beginning of the last war, with a squadron for the protection of the company's settlements in the *Indies*. Here we have an account of the loss of Madras, and the siege of Pondicherry. In 1751, we see the first dawnings of Mr. Clive's military genius, which broke forth in the full blaze of glory, soon after the unhappy catastrophe at Calcutta. As in retaking this settlement, the authors have done justice to the memory of a gentleman, for whom we entertain a very particular regard, we shall beg leave to make a short abstract:

'On the first of January the *Kent* and *Tyger* anchored between *Tanna* fort and a battery opposite to it, both which the enemy abandoned before either ship fired a single gun. About forty pieces of cannon, a few twenty-four pounders, all mounted on good carriages, with some powder and ball, were found in the fort and battery. The passage now being open to *Calcutta*, admiral *Watson* resolved to lose no time in attacking it; and accordingly proceeded up the river, leaving the *Salisbury* as a guard-ship, to prevent the enemy's regaining the places he had taken. In the night several armed boats were sent before the squadron, to burn a ship and some vessels said to be filled with combustibles; an enterprize that succeeded happily, as all the former had done: and next morning Mr. *Clive* landed with his troops, and began his march towards *Calcutta*. Animated with revenge at the affecting sight of a place, the scene of the deplorable sufferings of so many of their countrymen, the ships and land forces attacked it with such spirit and undaunted resolution, that the *Indians*, unable to maintain their ground, surrendered the fort the same day it was approached. The ships had scarce suffered any thing in their hulls or rigging; nine seamen only were killed, and twenty-one wounded: and the loss was still less considerable among the land forces, where not an officer was either killed or hurt. Four mortars, ninety-one guns of different sizes, and a considerable quantity of all kinds of ammunition, were found in the fort; and the company once more put into full possession of this settlement, that had cost the lives of so many brave men. A few days after, *Hugly*, situated higher up the *Ganges*, was reduced with as little difficulty, but greater loss; for here fell captain *Dugall Campbell*, an officer in the service of the company, endued with every social and generous virtue; brave, liberal, and humane; neglected in his early years by *relations* who knew not his merit, and cut off from *friends* in the bloom of youth and career of fortune, who loved and now bewail him.—This tribute to his memory friendship and affection demand, affinity forbids more.—In *Hugly* the *English* found twenty pieces of cannon, from

from twenty-four pounders downwards, with a quantity of ammunition. The city was soon after burnt and destroyed, together with the granaries and storehouses, which greatly distressed the Nabob, and facilitated the farther designs of Mr. Clive.

After reciting at large the conquest of Chandénagore, a French settlement, the defeat of the Nabob of Bengal, and all the military exploits of admiral Watson and Mr. Clive, the authors recapitulate the subject, and close the account in the following words :

‘ Thus the reader has seen the foundation and origin of the *East India* company and commerce under queen *Elizabeth*; its progress, in consequence of the regulations made, and privileges granted by her successors; the vicissitudes of fortune their affairs have passed through, whether from their enemies the *Indians*, *Portuguese*, *Dutch*, or *French*; or from the negligence, avarice, pride, and misconduct of their governors and servants abroad; or whether from the still more pernicious practices of ministerial craft, by which prodigious sums have been drawn from them for privileges which are ever precarious: he has seen their flourishing state, from the time that their own consequence, and the services done the government, brought the whole body of the legislature to be their patrons and protectors: he has, lastly, had a view of their losses, chiefly owing to their own indolence and parsimony, as well as to the dilatory measures of the administration.

‘ After the restitution of *Madras*, at the general peace of *Aix la Chapelle*, their affairs flourished extremely, till the late unhappy affair in *Bengal*, the particulars of which we have just recited. We have been credibly informed, that after admiral *Watson* and Mr. *Clive* had destroyed *Angria*, and previous to the loss of *Calcutta*, the company shared 10 per cent. on their capital; nor is there any reason to imagine that their profits have been diminished since, if we consider the glorious success that has ever attended the arms of the fortunate and brave *Clive*; what effect the late losses in *India* may have had on the actions of the company, it is not our intention to relate. In the war, terminated by the peace of *Aix la Chapelle*, the loss of *Madras* was more than compensated to the company by the ruin of the *French* marine, and the total stagnation of their *India* trade for the three last years of the war. If the enemy were successful in their attempts upon our head settlement, and in the defence of their own, still their trade gained little by either. The profits of the former went into the pockets of an individual; and the advantages

tages of the latter consisted in the mere preservation of a town, at that time of no utility to commerce; since the whole shipping of the company was employed in military affairs. In short, from the time that Mr. *Barnet* took the *Chinamen*, in the *Streights of Banca*, we believe not more than three or four ships returned into *Europe*, or sailed into *Asia*, on the business of commerce, during the last war. Whatever superiority they might seemingly maintain on the coast of *Coromandel*, it is evident, from the actions of the company, that their stock was extremely reduced, and their commerce at the last gasp. Another year's continuance of the war would, in all probability, have made the company bankrupt; and in fact, it was little less, since the obstruction to supplies, and remittances from *Europe*, had put a total stop to their credit in *India*. All these circumstances were so many acquisitions to the *English* company, who continued to send out fleets as usual, during the whole course of the war. The markets were entirely open to them; no rivalry, no anticipation there, to oblige them to buy at a great price. In short, it is not to be doubted, but under the protection of the king's squadrons, they might have flourished more in a war than in peace, and have made dividends on their profits, which would astonish all the merchants in *Europe*.

‘ Having now deduced the history of the *East India* company from their origin to the present times, in a manner more connected, full, and explicit, than, we believe, has ever been attempted, we shall proceed to lay before the reader an account of the possessions and settlements belonging to this wealthy body. In the mean time, we must beg, that if some part of the preceding narrative appear tedious, the reader will excuse it, by reason of our desire of being complete. If many of the occurrences are languid, yet they are necessary, though incapable of historical embellishment. The history of trade requires a minuteness, a recital of many civil transactions, which would appear superfluous in the general history of a nation. In the present instance, the *India* company is a body separate and distinct, in some respects, from the people; yet in its effects, in its prosperity and adversity, strictly connected with the public good. It is, therefore, little capable of being placed in a striking view: if we have rendered it useful, we shall think we have sufficiently fulfilled our engagements, and merited the applause of every one who reads rather for instruction than amusement.’

As to the history of the Dutch *East India* company, it is wrote in a very masterly manner, and with much more precision than the former, owing, in some measure, perhaps, to the variety

riety and richness of the materials. We shall however refrain from extracts, as to an English reader, the subject is infinitely less interesting.

It is with regret we add, that the volume before us is printed with less accuracy than any of the preceding, and the number of typographical errors so great, as greatly diminishes the satisfaction of the reader.

ART. II. *The Vegetable System. Or, a Series of Experiments and Observations, tending to explain the internal Structure, and the Life of Plants; their Growth, and Propagation; the Number, Proportion, and Disposition of their constituent Parts; with the true Course of their Juices; the Formation of the Embryo, the Construction of the Seed, and the Encrease from that State to Perfection. Including a new Anatomy of Plants. The whole from Nature only.* By John Hill, M. D. Folio. Pr. 1l. 11s. 6d. Baldwin.

WRITERS who assume to themselves the delicate task of directing the public taste with respect to literature and science, ought, of all men, to guard the most scrupulously against the partialities of friendship, the prejudices of resentment, the suggestions of calumny, and the soothing incense of adulation: in a word, against all those passions which imperceptibly warp the integrity, give a bias to the judgment, and seduce them to characterize books by their sentiments of the authors. The most striking contrast frequently appears between the *author* and the *man*; nay, between the different works of the same writer: it is therefore highly injurious to the public, when writers, whose sentence has obtained some weight, depreciate an ingenious work, merely from their dislike to the author, and a distaste to his former productions. We have seen a man, void of all principle, write finely and forcibly on the subject of morals. We have seen all the external marks of phlegm, folly, and innate stupidity, incircled in the chair of Comus by gaping admirers, and shoved up to the summit of Parnassus, in spite of his natural gravity. We have seen extraordinary abilities cloathed in conceit, vanity, and affectation; and we know a writer possessed of talents superior almost to all his cotemporaries, sunk into the lowest abyss of contempt, for no other reason, but that men have resolved to dislike whatever he writes. While the public esteem is thus capricious, our province it is, as *Critical Reviewers*, to discriminate between personal and literary reputation; to distinguish the forced productions of necessity, from the spontaneous

taneous growth of genius ; to estimate every performance by its own intrinsic merit ; and to render the peculiar cast of every writer of the utmost utility to our readers : with these professions we enter on the review of a work, that will put our sincerity to the test, and prove the truest touchstone of our candour.

The author of the *Vegetable System* has been so long obnoxious to the critics, that one is almost afraid to stand up in his behalf. He has written so many books of a flimsy texture, that one runs the hazard of being classed with him, if he affirms that Dr. H. is capable of thinking ; but need we be surprised that a gentleman, who has wrote so much, upon such a variety of topics, and at the pleasure of a bookseller, should have written indifferently. When we consider the multiplicity of characters he has been forced to assume, instead of blaming him for having failed in some, we ought rather to applaud him that he has succeeded in any ; and admire the fertility of that genius, which, under such disadvantages, has not been long since exhausted. The trifling spirit of the age, and his own vivacity, were the murderers of our author's fame. It was directed to a kind of writing very different from what nature had formed his talents ; but his ambition to please made him overlook all difficulties, and model his capacity *in vitâ Minervâ*, to the taste of the nation, and the purposes of his employers. He wrote with facility upon every subject, and that persuaded that he understood every subject ; without ever reflecting, that they talk with the greatest fluency, who say the least to the purpose. Thus it was, that from being born a naturalist, he suddenly became an universal scholar, a critic, polemic, casuist, physician, metaphysician, politician, essayist, poet, novelist, and astronomer, degenerating from, perhaps, the best botanist Britain ever saw, to one of the worst of her writers. Unfortunately he grasped at all, and he lost all.

The very ingenious work before us is sufficient proof, that the doctor might have shone with superior lustre, had he confined his genius within its proper sphere ; but he wantonly dissipated those rays which would have reflected honour upon his country and himself. We once saw a very remarkable instance of the quickness of his parts, in recognizing *living* nature from the *dead* descriptions of authors ; and we have now ample evidence, that Dr. H. is wanting in none of the qualities of a philosopher, besides *constancy*. Every page of the *Vegetable System* contains something original, and specious ; nor can we help thinking, that hints dropt carelessly from the pen of our author will one day become the basis of long, learned, and laboured Ger-

man systems. The work is introduced by a curious history of botany, which the author divides into six periods. The first he calls the Botany of Theophrastus; a philosopher no less famous for his deep penetration into the vegetable world, than for his discernment into human nature. 'We see him, says Dr. H. standing alone in the vast space of antiquity, with nothing before him that deserves the name of scientific knowledge, and very slow advances after him. What he had done, discouraged for many ages those who followed him; and while himself felt sensibly, and modestly acknowledged, that his advances were full of imperfection, referring the more accurate knowledge of things to succeeding times, and to repeated observations, his successors thought he had exhausted the whole subject.' Our historian then complains of the hard usage Theophrastus has met with from his translators and commentators, who have every where grossly mistaken and misrepresented his meaning; nor are Gaza, Scaliger, and Bodæus excepted in the list of those moderns, who have mangled the memory of the Grecian sage. 'Like modern critics, they were rash and rude: they depreciated their author, because they did not understand him;' and we fear, that Dr. H. like some visionary commentators, may have discovered beauties in the *Greek* which never existed, and, by the extravagant praises he bestows on him, is now ushering an edition of his works on the public stage. Yet, after all, it is possible the doctor may have no other intention than to shew his own sagacity; for though the instance of the *βελον* he gives, proves clearly a blunder in the translators, yet does it by no means evince the truth of the doctor's other assertions. We must, however, acknowledge, that most of his strictures upon this writer are just, animated, and curious, as we believe the greater part of them are new.

Under the Roman government our author places the second period of Botany, during which epoch plants were studied with a view rather to the improvement of medicine, than of botany, as a science. Here we find a very sensible analysis of the writings of Dioscorides and Pliny the elder, as far as they regard the subject of botany; and particularly a criticism on the description the former gives of the plant *φ* which we think extremely ingenious.

The third period commences with the revival of the letters under the caliphs, where we have a short account of the progress of botany, and of the characters of the best Arabian naturalists. As to the fourth and fifth periods, which describe the state of this branch of literature during the barbarous ages, and on the first dawn

dawn of reviving learning in Europe; they contain, as may reasonably be expected, but little instruction or amusement: however, the historian has compensated the stillness and insipidity of this period; by painting in very lively colours the characters of those writers who laboured in the great work of restoring science to its former dignity. This is the sixth and last period of his history, in which he dates the origin of systematic botany; for, before this time, plants were arranged under the too general and erroneous division of *trees, shrubs, and herbs*. There is really a great fund of entertainment and instruction in this part of the doctor's work; but less invention and original genius than in the subsequent work, which he calls the *Vegetable Structure, and the Life of Plants*. Perhaps he owes more of the former to *Gesner and Fuesebius* than he cares to acknowledge.

As to the following system of botanical *philosophy*, an extract from the introduction will point out the author's design.

‘ We have seen the progress of botany, and the rise of systems; and there will be a place to examine each: to shew its merit and defects; and to enquire how far these may be serviceable to the establishing that great article *A Natural Arrangement of Plants*: for all hitherto are merely artificial.

‘ To advance by regular steps towards this great object, we are first to enquire what vegetables truly and distinctly are; what place they hold in the general arrangement of natural bodies, and by what distinctive characters they claim that separate department; of what substance they are composed, and what is their internal structure; what portion or degree of life it is which they enjoy: and lastly, what those exterior parts are, and whence deduced, on which these artificial systems have been, and on which a natural method may be established.

‘ With this knowledge of the subject in general, and of its particular divisions, we may be able to judge how much is natural in every system, and how much imaginary; what is the true advance each author has made; and how far his discoveries or conceptions may be assistant in the point desired. The vegetable construction, and the dependant life of plants, will be the subjects of the present book. This is properly the philosophy of plants, extending to all ranks and orders of the vegetable system. The exterior parts vary in different subjects; but yet they are in all an established, and that a very limited number. These will be the subjects of the succeeding division: and as all systems are established upon these; and all arrangements, and all distinctions of them, from class to species, have their foundation in the difference of those parts; when they are explained,
and

and not before, the distinctions, characters, and names in botany may be understood.'

This system our author pursues with great genius, under the following heads: Of the place of vegetables in the system of nature. Of the constituent matter of vegetables. Of the arrangement of matter into a vegetable body. Of the parts of plants. An examination of the fibre of a plant. Of the construction of the body of a root. Of the infection of the fibres at the body of the root. Of the ascendant shoots. Of the construction of the entire plant. Of the course and construction of the external bark. Of the construction and properties of the inner rinds. Of the course and construction of the blea. Of the vascular series. Of the flesh of plants, and the construction of the fleshy substance. Of the course and structure of the pyramidal clusters. Of the pith. Of the life of plants. Of the formation of plants in the farina. Of the conveyance of the embryo into the seed. Of the growth of the plant from the seed. Of the structure of the seminal leaves. Of the formation and growth of the stalk. Of the course of the juices in plants, illustrated with particular instances. Of extraordinary courses of the juices of plants, or exceptions from the general laws laid down in the preceding chapters. Of the external form and parts of plants. Of the seven vegetable families. Of the origin of the seven families, from the internal structure; and of the effects of light on plants. Each of these heads the ingenious author elucidates by a variety of experiments, and some very beautiful engravings. What we admire chiefly in this performance is the pretty hypothesis of the propagation of plants, which, however, we are unable to communicate, as it rests upon experiments and facts, depending wholly upon the doctor's credit; though, from their consistency, they carry with them an air of probability and truth. In a word, there is something so original, and peculiarly his own in this performance, that we heartily recommend it, to our philosophical readers, as the author's best production, and the first, perhaps, of the kind produced in any country. The pleasure, indeed, which we have received from this production, obliges us to wish, that the doctor were enabled to pursue, without interruption, those studies for which nature seems wholly to have designed him. Let us add, however, that his style is ill suited to philosophical subjects, which ought to be expressed in a language simple, easy, and void of all stiffness and affectation, which always fatigues the ear, and frequently obscures the sense, as in the following instance. 'The works of Theophrastus and Dioscorides, were plainly before him, (Pliny) and he has taken from them largely: other strange matter has its place among what he has thus collected; and probably

probably we owe it to the *Bassus* and the *Niger* named before, or to one or other of those authors, whom, though not much to their honour, Dioscorides quotes as having written a little before him, *Jolas*, and *Tarentinus Niceratus*, another *Niger* and a *Diodotus* condemned to eternal oblivion.' How this *Jolas* and *Niceratus* are lugged in, and for what purpose, the doctor is best able to declare. This passage is found in page thirteen of his history; but a number of equal obscurities appear through the whole performance.

ART. III. *A Voyage to the Coast of Africa, in 1758. Containing a succinct Account of the expedition to, and the taking of the Island of Goree, by a Squadron commanded by the Hon. Augustus Keppel. Illustrated with Copper-plates. By the Rev. Mr. John Lindsay, Chaplain of his Majesty's Ship Fougoux, in that Expedition. 4to. Pr. 5s. Bristow.*

THERE is a certain air of importance by which a great writer always distinguishes himself from the authorlings of the age. The Rev. Mr. Lindsay sets out with a fuse which attracts our attention, and gives us room to expect a considerable explosion in the sequel. 'It is now, (says he in the very first sentence of his work) with great impatience, that we wait at Spithead for a fair wind, to waft us to those sultry regions, where the pride of France is once more destined to endure the additional warmth of British thunder.' This is not only the *fumus ex fulgore*, but the *fumus & fulgor & fragor* all together. We wish, however, that the author, instead of the *warmth*, had said the *fire* of British thunder: for, *warmth* implies a gentle heat, not at all applicable (as we apprehend) to the British thunder: but this is nothing to the *speciosa miracula* which he afterwards displays.—This curious voyage is furnished with explanatory notes, which, at first sight, seem to have been written by some other commentator, but are in fact the author's own annotations; and as such, remarkable enough: for example, the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, after having observed, in the body of the work, that the fleet fell in with a Dutch vessel, *who* made a signal with a west in *her* ensign, and that no body shewed the smallest desire to hear what *he* (the vessel) had to say, speaks thus of himself in a note: 'Our author seems willing to favour his own captain as much as possible: for, we are told, the Fougoux was the only ship which had it in her power to speak with this vessel.' Now, setting aside the accuracy of the sentence, in which we find a vessel making a west in *her* ensign, and then converted into a *he*, who had something to say; we should be glad to know how the commentator has detected

detected himself, in the fact of favouring his own captain, by saying, that none in the Squadron shewed the smallest desire to hear what the Dutch vessel had to say. If he had insinuated, that his captain expressed a desire to hear this speaking vessel, it might have been deemed a compliment to his curiosity: but, there is not the least hint of any such expression; nor is any captain mentioned in the general remark. The next note is no less singular, upon this sentence. 'However, by some mistake of their helm, we say; and of our's, they say; the two ships ran foul of each other.' The note runs in these words: 'Quere, whether or not the author (that is himself) ought to have used *positiveness* instead of *mistake*.' We answer this *quere*, by saying, if the author, as commentator, thought *positiveness* the better word, why had not the author, as the voyage writer, used it? but let us see how it would run with this amendment; 'However, by some *positiveness* of their helm, we say, &c.' We have heard of a ship that would not obey the helm; but we never heard of a positive helm before: however, it may be a very appropriate term for aught we know; nay, what is still more strange, the author, in his next note, indirectly accuses himself of partiality. 'There is another method, (says he) for the further preservation of his majesty's ships, which our author, if he had divested himself entirely of partiality, might also have proposed; and which, as we can have no personal interest in view, those whom it may concern will the more easily forgive the following freedom.' In other words, 'Reader, you are not to believe me, as author of the voyage, because I am not impartial; but, as commentator or annotator, I can have no personal interest in view, therefore you may attend to what, as an annotator, I advance.' We have heard of an author who has written a pamphlet, and afterwards composed an answer to the same pamphlet, in which he has abused himself with great scurrility: but this scheme of an author's splitting himself in twain, and attacking himself in the same performance, is altogether a new contrivance, and worthy of the author of a voyage to the coast of Africa. We shall not dwell upon his flowers of expression; such as 'the deliberation of merchant-vessels, letting the wind shift, &c.' 'The Nassau, though the smaller ship, was commanded by a senior officer, which gave them (*i. e.* the smaller ship) a title to jockey and be positive.' 'Who was in the fault, is not mine to say:—whether they were not both; or might be neither.' 'A little reflection shewing, that having the whole depth of the ship close upon the rocks, if I kept by the ship, she could not keep by me; and should I trust to my swimming, the strength of a thousand arms would be dashed to pieces in a moment.' 'Another minute would have landed us on the banks

of eternity.' 'All the charts of this port had been laid down by the antient rule of thumb, and even in that way itself, finished in a very bungling manner.' We shall not ask him to explain in what manner merchant-vessels deliberate, and grant permission to the winds to shift; nor what title they have to jockey and be positive; or tell us the meaning of *whether they were not both, or might be neither*, which to us is as unintelligible as *nothing in the whole world*. We will not desire to know how the ship could get from him while he kept by the ship; or how the strength of a thousand arms would have been dashed in pieces, had he trusted to his swimming: we rather suppose he would have gone quietly to the bottom, as he seems to have a natural alacrity in sinking. We should be glad, however, to learn how a man is to be landed on the banks of eternity, which is metaphorically an ocean without bounds. Nor are we less curious to be acquainted with the antient rule of thumb, by which it seems, the charts of Cork harbour have hitherto been finished, though in a bungling manner.

We shall pass over these and many other elegancies of the same nature, and proceed to make a few remarks on the execution of his narrative. He is too modest in hinting, that his observations may be thought a landsman's. No man in his senses will say, that a landsman could entertain us with the following description:

'Being in a dangerous situation; nor daring to lay there, till the light of a new day, we set our sails and hove up our anchor, intending for the harbour; but lying too near the Turbut-bank, and unable to cast clear of it, we were again obliged to let go the anchor. Sounding, we found six fathoms water, and could veer to a cable's length; but then not farther than forty fathoms from very awful and dangerous breakers!—It was now dark; no gleam of moon-shine to enliven; no light reflected, but from those dreadful broken surges; winds storming; seas rising, and roaring over the threatening rocks: and to add to our comfortless condition, no room to cut our cable, should we be forced to venture all, and fly from the last stroke. In this situation we let down a boat into the sea, which returned to us with some gleams of comfort, finding by the lead five fathoms close upon the rocks.

'At midnight the winds blew so strong, that we were obliged to lower the main and mizen-yards, to strike the main-top-mast, and to let go the best bower anchor under foot. At two in the morning, it began to rain, or rather to pour down whole floods

of water; but instead of abating the fury of the winds, it rather added to the weight, so that we became obliged, to heave short upon the best bower; and clapping a plate in the hawse, we then rode till five,—at which time the ship thwarting with the windward tide, she struck about thirty times, although in five fathoms water.

‘ I now began, I will confess to you, to think of bidding an eternal adieu to my friendships below;—when my next care was, what papers I might possibly save of value; should God in his all-wise providence be pleased to cast me on shore with life. But this was a thought soon left me: a little reflection shewing, that having the whole depth of the ship close upon the rocks, if I kept by the ship, she could not keep by me; and should I trust to my swimming, the strength of a thousand arms would be dash’d to pieces in a moment!

‘ The seamen were mean time, doing somewhat, while any little could be thought of.—They hove up the best bower anchor; set the foresail and fore-staysail, and cut the small bower cable, in hopes to run from the danger. But alas, now under sail; having cast towards the eastern shore, within Roches Tower; and so near it, that another minute would have landed us on the banks of eternity; to our utter confusion, the ship would not steer: and we soon learned that her weight in striking on the hard bottom, had broke the tiller, short off, on the rudder-head!

‘ In this fresh distress, captain Knight, unusually cool, thro’ the whole, instantly brought her up with the best bower anchor, and rode with a cable;—when the winds still continuing cruel and hard-hearted, not daring to veer out any more cable, we next lowered the fore-yard, handed the fore-sail, and set the carpenters to work, to fit another tiller in the rudder-head; hoping we might be able to comfort ourselves, with at least the safety of our lives. But alas, providence seemed to frown upon all our endeavours! At eight in the morning, the winds diminishing nothing in their fury, and the sea yawning deep and dreadful, although the ship drew not more than twenty-two feet water, she struck again in six fathom; and on such rocky ground, that great quantities of her sheathing-boards floated on the water, and, as is suspected, part of her rudder’s bottom! In this fresh surprize, we again hoisted up the fore-yard; clap’d a new eight inch hawser for a spring upon the best bower cable, and casting her with the foresail, fore-staysail, and spritsail, we cut away the best bower cable and hawser, and happily, more owing at last

to the kindness of providence, than to all the endeavours of man, we got clear of the Turbut-bank, and safely into the harbour, about nine o'clock: when we came too with the sheet anchor in nine fathom water; veer'd to a cable; and bending the best bower to the spare anchor, at noon veering away, we moored her in the best manner we then could, in eight fathom.—For being glad to fetch any part of the harbour, we lay still open to the mouth of the port; and to all the swell of the seas, and rage of the winds;—so that not being able to have a-head, we bitted the sheet cable two-thirds out,——and hoped for fairer weather!

‘ On the sixth, having lain the preceding night at single anchor; and in the morning suspecting it to be foul, we hove it up to look at him; but were obliged to drop him again instantly, the winds coming from S. to S. S. E. and S. E. so hard and squally, that we found our ship (when the anchor was down again, and cable taught) drive to leeward; and being afraid of falling upon the shoals of the western shore, we dropt the small bower, and veer'd to two-thirds of a cable: but the winds increasing, and driving us from our anchors, close upon the shoals, where being as yet open to the fury of both seas and winds, from the harbour's mouth, maugre all our endeavours, we were brought at length to hang out the ensign of distress. Mean time, about ten o'clock, we got out two small anchors and hawsers; half an hour afterwards, captain Sayer sent us a stream anchor and cable; and soon followed all the spare boats in the squadron to give us their aid. We got down our top-gallant yards and lower yards; struck both top-gallant masts, and top-masts; and having then got as little hold of the winds as possible, we began to heave from the danger; and about four o'clock, having got up the small bower, and hove the ship to windward by the stream cable and hawsers, we dropped the small bower again in nine fathom, and veer'd to two-thirds of a cable, when Dog's Nose bore S. and Roche's tower S. *b* W. Early next morning, we found it necessary to veer away more cable; when, by some unfortunate accident, both cable and hawser ran out end for end. Providence, however, still befriended us! Though the bits were set on fire by the velocity and weight of the strain, we suffered no other damage:—the clench of the small bower cable itself, without giving way, very wonderfully brought us up, when we let go the best bower, in seven fathoms; and in the afternoon we moored the ship, with a cable in both ends, Roche's tower bearing S. one-half E. and the middle of Spike island N. N. W. On the eighth, being not as yet in a place of safety, early in the morning we hove short on the small bower; carried out
the

the cadge anchor, to bring our ship to the eastward; and veering out the small bower again, we hove her over, mooring at last in a pretty good birth, Dog's Nose bearing S. *b* W. and the middle of Spike island N. W. in eleven fathom water.'

We question if the boatswain's mate could have writ more like a seaman: certain we are, he could not have writ less like a landman.

In chap. II. he tells us he made a draught of the harbour of Cork, but ingenuously owns he left it unfinished: notwithstanding this declaration, this part of the work is illustrated by a chart of that harbour, intituled *A new and correct Chart*, by the Rev. *J. Lindsay*. We wish we could reconcile this seeming contradiction: as far, however, as we can judge, the chart seems to be well delineated, and may be of service to navigation.—What follows is a detail of the voyage from Ireland to Santa Cruz road, in the island of Teneriff; in which voyage the squadron had the misfortune to be overtaken by another storm, and driven upon the coast of Africa, where the Litchfield ship of war and a transport were shipwrecked. Here again we have the *Patbos* and *Bathos* of storm painting.

'Never, in the memory of the oldest of our seamen, was such a continued tempest seen! Sometimes it was so dark, it was with difficulty we could discern each other on the deck:—presently, in the midst of a dreadful gust of wind, the heavens would break out into such flames of sulphur, that, while the sea turned sometimes to a green, sometimes to a blue, and at others to a pure white, the whole face of the sky was in such a blaze, that it was with difficulty we recovered our sight for a season! From a scene of this sort, the next minute would ensue so profound a calm, that the sails beat against the masts, by the motion of the ship only; and in two or three minutes following, from a sudden squall, to a mere hurricane, roaring in such a manner, that being obliged to ease off the foresheet (while there were yet four turns on the hold), it was torn out with a force so violent, that the adjacent timbers were set on fire!'

Then follows a piece of theory on currents, upon which we have not leisure to comment; and this is succeeded by plates, exhibiting the appearances of the land of Teneriff, Gomera, Grand Canary, Cape Verde, and the island of Goree, with their bearings and distances. After a description of Teneriff, its people and productions, illuminated with plates from drawings of the author, the squadron proceeds to the island of Goree, which is exhibited in different views; and, on this occasion, Mr. Lindsay displays his ta-

lents in battle painting. More courageous than Boileau, he stood unconcerned in the gallery during the whole of the action, and heard the bullets whiz by him through the air.—The Torbay was in one continued blaze of fire; and that part of the island itself upon which she lay, was darkened with a cloud of smoke, sand and earth, to a degree wonderful!—Not a gun was fired from the Dunkirk before it was pointed; and every shot did execution. Captain Sayer's fire, was itself, enough to strike terror!—But, after all this fire and execution, there was not (it seems) one man of the enemy killed, except by the bursting of their own cannon; nor does it appear, that any damage was done to their batteries. We are in this place entertained with an account of Goree, and different views of that island. The ensuing chapter contains a sort of a natural history of the adjacent continent, illustrated with prints of divers fishes, natives of that sea, and a continuation of the voyage to Senegal. Chap. VII. describes an adventure in which our author narrowly escaped being drowned in passing over the dangerous bar of the river Sanağa. The next treats of the king of Leghiboli, his arrival at Senegal, his reception at fort St. Louis, with a description of his state.

‘ The appearance of this court was the most ridiculous imaginable, and the representation must, I dare say, please you.

‘ In the first place, you must know, that the great room or hall into which the king was ushered, was no other than that which the governor uses as a dining-room for the numerous company he is often pleased to entertain; and this accident happening at a very unfortunate time of the day, the table was already covered for his guests—However, unprovided in greater convenience, in the midst of that disorder, the honest well-meaning governor admitted his royal visitors—Suppose now to yourself, a man of six feet, well made, of a grave aspect, his beard decent, abating his colour, comely; dressed in a loose robe of coarse worsted gauze, broad striped in blue and white, his robe sleeves of fine white linen, loose and flowing in the manner of a surplice; his crown made of scarlet cloth stuffed, I imagine with grifs-grifs, (fig. 5. plate VII.)—or rather a sort of antient diadem than crown, encircling his temples; from the back of which did hang some ornamental part of his dress, and made of the before mentioned gauze; with some part of his arms and hands, as well as the lower part of his thighs and legs bare, and sandals on his feet.—This is the figure of the prince. Suppose to yourself next, the above figure lolling on the arm of the chair set for a throne; one leg laid on the other knee, and all the

the time of the audience (as a farther mark of indifference and superiority), diverting himself by picking, or rather cleaning his teeth, with a short twig from a tree which he had picked up in his way thither; now and then diversifying the scene a little, by whiffing from a short tobacco-pipe, which one of his nobles presented him with, and which his majesty, afterwards wiping the end he had in his mouth, was graciously pleased to honour his principal counsellor with a whiff of the same tobacco. Suppose too this favourite sometimes sitting, sometimes standing on the king's left-hand, while his guiriot, or chief musician, upon a seat at his right-hand, during the audience, thrummed most wretchedly upon a lute or instrument of the guitar kind, made of a calabash, and strung with horse-hair: besides these, the interpreter sat betwixt his majesty and the governor, and the rest of the nobles took their seats as they could; some of whom were armed with swords, some with musquets, and others with lances, or bows and arrows, made up this strange court!

The most valuable part of this chapter is a perspective view of the island of Senegal; and a plan of the same, with the fort, Negro Town, and Capes. In the following chapter, we find an encomium upon the black ladies of Senegal, and an exhortation to the Europeans to intermarry with those sooty females, rather than correspond with the camp women, who contract distempers, which *hurries* them to their graves, dragging even many of their male companions with them. The next chapter treats of things curious; of a musical instrument called the Balafo, used among the negroes; of their taste in poetry; of Sanaga, &c. with an account of a table conversation, which we have not time to repeat; nor is it necessary we should. The specimen of poetry, which our author has thought worthy of recording, we shall insert as a proof of their masterly genius.

‘ Frenchman a Goree,

Go pop—pop—pop—pop.

England a come! England a come!

Pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop!"

As the negroes generally accompany their singing with dancing, we suppose, while they sung Pop, pop, pop! they went Hop, hop, hop!

In chapter XII. there is a retrospect to African affairs, containing an account of the breach between the French and the king, or Sultan of Leghiboli; an affront offered by major Mason to the black princess *Pinetica*, niece to the present king of

Brack, a lady who dwells in a sort of palace in the island of Senegal. We are afterwards made acquainted with the nature of the rivers Sanaga, Faleme, Golden River, and Ghianon, with the mines of Bambuck and Tombuto; and afterwards let into schemes of gold finding, which our governors will no doubt take into consideration.

In the last chapter, the Fougux is brought home to Spithead.

On the whole, we may see of this performance, the materials are good; but, we cannot add with Ovid,

Materiam superabat opus.

ART. IV. *A Complete System of Cookery. In which is set forth, a Variety of genuine Receipts, collected from several Years Experience under the celebrated Mr. de St. Clouet, sometime since Cook to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. By William Verral, Master of the White-Hart Inn in Lewes, Suffex. Together with an Introductory Preface, shewing how every Dish is brought to Table, and in what Manner the meanest Capacity shall never err in doing what his Bill of Fare contains. To which is added, a true Character of Mons. de St. Clouet. 8vo. Pr. 4s. John Rivington.*

WITH respect to this performance, we wish it may not be said or thought, that *more is meant than meets the ear*. It is intitled, *A Complete System of Cookery*; but, what if it should prove *A Complete System of Politics*, aye, and of damnable politics, considering the present critical situation of affairs! if not a system of politics, at least, it may be supposed to be a political system trumped up in favour of our inveterate enemies the French. Nay, the author forgets himself so far as even to own, in the preface, that his chief end is to shew the whole and simple art of the most modern and best French cookery. Ah, ha! master William Verral, have we caught you tripping? We wish there may not be some jesuitical ingredients in this French cookery. If there is any thing of that sort in the oven, we hope you have had no finger in the pye. In frying political pancakes, Will, you may chance to burn your knuckles, unless you turn *cat-in-pan*, or, according to the conjectures of some learned antiquarians, *cake-in-pan*; or, as others will have it *κατα παν*. You have made a fine kettle of fish, truly, in that (shall we call it political) conference with Nanny. * Pray, Nanny, (says I) where do you place your stew-pans, and the other things you make use of in the cooking way? La, sir, says she, that is all we have, (pointing to one poor solitary stew-pan, as one might call it) but no more fit for the use

use than a wooden hand-dish. Ump, says I to myself, how's this to be? a surgeon may as well attempt to make an incision with a pair of sheers, or open a vein with an oyster-knife, as for me to pretend to get this dinner without proper tools to do it: here's neither stew-pan, soup-pot, or any one thing else that is useful; there's what they call a frying-pan, indeed, but black as my hat, and a handle long enough to obstruct half the passage of the kitchen. However, upon a little pause, I sent away post-haste, for my own kitchen-furniture. In the mean time, Nanny and I kept on in preparing what we could, that no time might be lost.' Did you so, master William? but we trust in Providence we shall never be brought to eat that French banquet you are preparing. "You and Nanny kept on in preparing." Very fine, indeed! here is no need of an Oedipus to unriddle this mystery of iniquity. A man must be very little skilled in the art of inuendo, who does not see into the drift of this enormous scheme. All the world knows, with what propriety the metaphors in politics are fetched from the figures or terms used in cookery. We say, such a statesman (for example the duke of——) has cooked up a rare hachis of politics. Now what can be more apposite to the character and conduct of his grace, than these terms *cook up* and *hachis*? The poet says, "Religion and politics, tho' as hard to mix as oil and vinegar, have yet been beat up into a *sauce* for the whole nation." How common is it to say of a faction, "They *cooked up* a strange *hodge-podge* of a conspiracy." "Can such an *olio* of different humours be brought to any tolerable consistence." "The scheme will *keep cold*." "If the projector does not conduct himself with extraordinary caution, *all the fat will be in the fire*." We could instance an hundred tropes and metaphors of the same kind, to prove the analogy between cookery and politics: but a word to the wise is sufficient. We shall, however, drop another hint, from whence the intelligent reader will draw proper conclusions. This master William, or Will Verral, lives on the coast of Sussex—opposite to the coast of France:—think of that reader.—Nay, which is more, he lives at *Lewes*; and he wants to teach us French cookery. If you do not hear this storm sing in the wind, you must be as *dull as Erebus*. O! that the great anti-gallican patriot, and incomparable critic, Mr. John Dennis, were now alive; what fine work he would make with *Will Verral the French cook of Lewes*. Heaven preserve all true-hearted Englishmen from thy cookery, thou caitif of Sussex dwelling upon the shore that now trembles at the thoughts of being trod by French foot and dragoons. But who, in the name of Nicholas Vaux is this Nanny, who takes her directions so gingerly from the French cook of *Lewes*? We know, that a certain wit typified the Presbyterian

byterian religion, or the kirk of Scotland, under the character of *Peg* or *Peggy*, the younger sister of John Bull; and pray, why may not the Papists be signified by the name and occupation of *Nanny*? *Nanny* was unprepared, but very willing to take directions from her jesuitical instructor. Then for the stew-pans, soup-pots, and frying-pans, one may see with half an eye, that they mean no other than secret emissaries, used as utensils to stew messes of deceit and dissimulation, to poison the principles of the people. The black frying-pan with the long handle, may allude to some tall Hibernian confessor, of which species (if we are not misinformed) there are not a few in this metropolis: but we hope all such agents will meet with their deserts, and our French cook fall out of the frying-pan into the fire. The making an incision, and opening veins with an oyster-knife, too plainly imply the expectation of slaughter and bloodshed, which heaven avert! and the tools speak for themselves. We all know what tools are necessary for the completion of such dreadful purposes. But we hope, that those tools being ill chosen, or unskillfully used, will, like an ill-sheathed dagger wound *their master*.

We shall not trouble the reader with pursuing farther this notorious allegory, stiled *The Complete System of Cookery*; though shrewd comments might be made upon that circumstance of *Nanny's* *flirting her tail into the scullery, and of her handling her knife with dexterity*; as well as upon the dispute that arose about *what meat the soup was made of*, i. e. what sort of people the nation is composed of. "Beef and bacon to be sure," says one. "Rumps and burs", cries another. "Leg of mutton and turnips," exclaims a third. Who is so ignorant as not to know, that true-born Englishmen, zealous sons of the church, are shadowed under the types of beef and bacon: that the dissenters and sectaries are signified by the *rump*; and that leg of mutton and turnips, the favourite Dutch ditch, to which their preachers compare the joys of heaven, means nothing else than the party supposed to be germanized in their principles. Who has not heard of the great personage who, long after his death, was supposed to be alive and well, employed in cultivating a turnip-garden in Westphalia.

But, the real design of this dangerous author will appear still more plain, if we consider carefully the articles that compose the contents of his book. For example, "*Potage a la Reine—what queen I know not.*" Don't you, indeed, Mr. Verral? but we have good reason to know a certain ungrateful queen, who would not, perhaps, this day, have a pottage for her table,
had

had it not been for the generosity of this nation, to which she hath basely turned her tail. "Hodge-podge of beef with favoys," plainly alludes to the connection subsisting between Old England and the king of Sardinia. "Water fouchy," and "Dutch cream," serve to shew that how insipid soever, and neutral the Hollanders may be in their natural disposition, they may be enraged into a foam; and then adopt the French cookery. The jigot of mutton with Spanish onions, seems to threaten a rupture with his most Catholic majesty; but we hope it is not in the power of Mr. Verral to make our eyes water with this mess. As for the "macaroons with Parmesan cheese," and "pears in the Portuguese fashion," we hope the good people of England have nothing to fear, either from Don Philip or his most faithful majesty; but as our author seems to threaten and revile the nation, and the city of London in particular, with his "piece of beef trembling;" his "goose-pye larded with bacon," in which we care not if the cook himself was inclosed; his "calf's head with ragout melée; calf's liver a la bourgeoise; sheeps runps a la braise; calves brains, ears and tails; fat livers, and broiled weavers;" we cannot reflect upon his effrontery without indignation, and even wishing that, for the rest of his life, he may be restricted to a diet of frog-fricassée and soup-maigre.

In the name of goodness, Will, if thou hadst really nothing sinister in thy intention, how couldst thou be so indiscreet as to introduce French dishes at this period, when we ought to distinguish ourselves as Antigallicans in every thing, and cherish our own British substantial cookery with uncommon affection, that we may be the better enabled to repel those perfidious enemies, with whose sauces thou wouldst poison the nation. We shall pass over thy mistakes and blunders in point of language, such as dressing a turbot by fumigation; *cullis* for *coulis*; *John Odorey* for *Jean Dorte*; *chine deniere* for *chine derriere*; *bœuf glassée* for *bœuf glacée*, &c. But we wonder thou shouldst have the confidence to call thy book *A Complete System of Cookery*, when thou knowest there is not one English dish in the whole volume. Long life, or, at least, unfading fame be the reward of those choice spirits, the ingenious Mrs. Glass, the venerable Martha Bradley of Bath, who, by a strange metamorphosis is, we hear, become a doctor of physic, and the author of *The Complete Housewife, or Gentlewoman's Companion*! They, in their culinary essays, had an eye to the genius and taste of their own country; but thou, Will Verral, art intirely foreign and fantastic: such is thy rage for innovation, that thou hast even presumed to tamper with roast beef, as may be seen in the 55th page of thy book.

We

We say that, even at this juncture, when we ought so carefully to cultivate the virtues and food of our forefathers, thou hast—O shame! dishonoured the *sir-lion*; thou hast, without remorse, plunged the English baronet in a cursed *pickle*, in a French *marinade*, with a vengeance! thou hast embowelled and robbed him of his delicious inside, and served him up in a *coulis* with pepper and the juice of lemon. Ah, wretched assassin, what dost thou deserve for such butchery and adulteration? Thou hast dared to mangle a surloin of beef in the face of day, and at this season to write the eulogium of Clouet a French cook, and a professed Papist. *O tempora! O mores!*

After all, let us come to a right understanding, Will. If you are really ambitious of culinary fame, and desirous of gratifying the palates of your countrymen with variety, we advise you to reject the pernicious sops, sauces, and kickshaws of the French, which serve only to irritate the appetite, spoil the digestion, and debilitate the constitution; and rather endeavour to contrive dishes of substantial food, upon true British principles: dishes that may suit the digestive powers, enrich the blood, invigorate the nerves, and brace the sinews of the body. Good animal food is always productive of good rich chyle; rich chyle, well concocted, will afford good spirits; and good spirits are a main ingredient in courage and intrepidity. You have, doubtless, heard the song called the *Roast Beef of Old England*: you likewise know, that in good queen Bess's days, the ladies of honour breakfasted upon cold beef and strong ale, and were such *vira-gos*, Will, that they snapped their fingers in derision at the Spanish armada. But you will say, the English cookery will not furnish hints enough for variety to please the fickleness of modern palates. If that be the case, learn Latin, Will, and study the antients: study the cookery of the Romans, who were the bravest people in the world, and no doubt owed great part of their bravery to the nature of the food they subsisted upon. Study the famous *Apicius*, or, as some old British literati read it *Apricius*, i. e. *Ap-Rice*, or, rather *Ap-Rbys*, affirming, that he was a Welchman, and cook to the celebrated Caractacus, whom the Romans carried prisoner to Rome: be that as it will, Apicius certainly was a great man, as much superior to Clouet, as Pontac was to the sausage-friers in Moorfields: for he obtained the surname of *Cœlius*, from the heavenly dishes he compounded. Instead of a common whet of mulled wine for travellers, Will, what think you of the *conditum melizonium viatorum*, composed of pounded pepper, wine, and honey? In lieu of your *marinade*, what say you to the famous *liquamen*, or pickle called *garum*, made of the gills of a mackarel, with salt and vinegar, and sometimes

times of the sturgeon of the Nile? How should you like to make force-meat, or rather farce-meat in the way of *Chabob*, with lobsters, crabs, or cuttle-fish, beat up with pepper, cumin seed, and the root of the laser, which some naturalists suppose to be the plant that yields the assafœtida? or pork sausages, called *vulvulæ* & *botelli*, seasoned with leeks, pepper, pine-tops, and the pickle garum? If you would boil greens of a beautiful colour, Will, sprinkle them with salt-petre, or sal-ammoniac. As for soup, we apprehend, the following infinitely preferable to all the soups of the French cookery: Take parsley-seed, dry penny-royal, mint, ginger, green coriander, grapes, honey, vinegar, oil, and wine; of these equal quantities; pound them together in a mortar; put them in the pot, with three slices of fine bread; add the flesh of a chicken, a neck of kid, a piece of Parmesan cheese, three pine-tops, as many cucumbers and onions sliced down, and a sufficient quantity of water; boil all these ingredients to a due consistence, then strain and present the soup. These, and an hundred more delicious dishes, are to be found in the works of Apicius, which we advise you, Mr. Verral, to peruse for your improvement in the *ars coquinaria*:—and so we bid you, heartily, farewell!

ART. V. *Hymen: an accurate Description of the Ceremonies used in Marriage, by every Nation in the known World. Shewing the Oddity of some, the Absurdity of others, the Drollery of many, and the real or intended Piety of all. Dedicated to the Ladies of Great-Britain and Ireland. 12mo. Pr. 3s. Pottinger.*

WE know not what idea this author has of the *known world*: perhaps he has described the marriage ceremonies of every nation he knows: but we wish, that for his own sake he had looked into the *mappe monde*, before he published his title, if he supposed any reader would peruse more than the title of his performance. Had he taken that trouble, he must have seen that he has omitted, at least, as many nations of the *known world* as he has mentioned; and among these, two of the three kingdoms that compose the British dominions. He has not said a word of the Russians, the Tartars, the Samoides, the Zemblans, the Laplanders, the Icelanders, the Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Greenlanders, Moors, Negroes, Æthiopians, Arabs, Armenians, Georgians, Mingrelians, Cossacs, Poles, Ingrians, Finlanders, &c. and indeed those nuptial rites he has recorded, are described in such a flat, imperfect, and uninteresting manner, that one would imagine his aim was to bring marriage

marriage into disgrace. His materials are composed from books of voyages and travels, which are in every body's hands; and as for his manner of compiling, the reader may judge from the following specimen with which the work is closed.

* *Marriage ceremonies of the Hottentots.*

* The description of an Hottentot making love, will, no doubt, be highly entertaining to the reader; the ceremony and feast at an Hottentot-wedding will surely be thought curious: cruelty, which is the characteristic of this people, has nothing to do here; but nastiness, will be very conspicuous, and with that the reader must be content to bear. If a batchelor, or widower, is disposed to marry, he does not begin by disclosing his passion to the maid or widow that has won his heart. His first business is to discover the matter to his father, if he be living, and get his approbation: if his father consents, he goes along with him to the house of the woman's father, in order to demand her in marriage for his son. When the lover and his father wait on the friends of the woman, it is the business of the lover to prepare and present dacha, or tobacco, to the company. They all smoak, and the conversation turns upon indifferent matters; the visitors seeming to have forgot the business they come about, and none else giving any attention to it, till the heads of all present are intoxicated with smoaking. Then the father of the lover addressing himself to the father of the woman, opens the business he comes on, and demands the woman as a match for his son. The father of the woman generally goes out to consult his wife upon this overture, and quickly returns with a final answer, which is seldom in the negative, unless the young woman be already contracted to another. When this happens to be the case, marriage is deferred only till the young fellow she is contracted to is made a man.

* The father and son depart directly upon receiving a denial, and the matter is intirely dropped. The lover then looks out for a new choice; and, if his father is not living, he must have the approbation of the next in authority of his relations, who, in such case, does all that has been said of the father; and, if the father of the woman be dead, the next in authority of her kindred has the disposal of her. If the father of the woman consents, she is next consulted herself. If she does not like the match, she has but one chance to escape it, which, in such case, she generally takes. She must lie down with her lover on the ground, and play with him a whole night, unless the game is sooner up, at pinching, tickling,

tickling, and clap—a—; if she gets the better of her lover, at this sport, she is fairly rid of him, and he must drop all thoughts of her : but she must marry the man, willing, or unwilling, if subdued by him, as it generally happens. The sport turning out, if the match is put upon this issue, in favour of the lovers ; and the lover being made a man, he loses no time ; but, chusing two or three fat oxen from his own herd, if he has one, or his father's, according to the wealth and figure of the family, he drives them to the house from whence he is to take his destined bride. All his relations, men and women that live near him, accompany him, let the abode of his mistress be ever so far off ; and, arriving before the house, all the relations of the woman thereabout immediately assemble, and receive them with innumerable greetings and caresses. The oxen are immediately slain after the Hottentot manner.

‘ The whole company, men and women, besmear their bodies with the fat of them, and then powder themselves all over with buchu. The more fat and buchu they have upon their bodies, the finer they reckon themselves. Upon this joyful occasion therefore, both men and women bedaub and powder themselves very lavishly ; and the women, to appear still finer and more amiable, colour their foreheads, cheeks, and chins, with a red chalk-stone, easily found in the fields. This stone, among the Hottentot women, holds the place of the paints and patches used by our own, and is looked upon as a great improver of beauty.

‘ They then proceed to the nuptial ceremony, which is as follows : the men squat themselves upon the ground in a circle, in the center of which the bridegroom places herself ; then the priest, who is always that of the Sraal, where the bride resides, enters the circle of the men, and coming up to the bridegroom, pisses upon him a little. The bridegroom receives the stream with transport, rubbing it briskly all over his body, and making with his long nails, (for the Hottentots never cut their's) several deep scratches in his skin, that the urine may penetrate and soak the farther.

‘ The priest then goes to the circle of the women, and coming up to the bride, pisses a little upon her ; and she receives and rubs the urine upon her body with as much alacrity as the bridegroom. Then goes the priest again to the bridegroom, and having pissed a little more upon him, away he goes again to the bride, and again pisses upon her : and so he goes from the one to the other till he has exhausted upon them his whole stock of urine,

urine, uttering, from time to time, to each of them, the following good wishes; 'May you live long and happy together; may you have a son before the end of the year; may this son live to be a comfort to you in your old age; may this son prove to be a man of courage and a good huntsman.'

The only part that can be properly called the author's own, is the dedication addressed to the ladies of Great Britain: a compliment tolerably well turned, though not altogether void of impertinence.

ART. VII. *Institutes of Experimental Chemistry: being an Essay towards reducing that Branch of Natural Philosophy to a regular System. By the Author of the Elaboratory laid open, &c. 2 vols. Pr. 12s. Nourse.*

IN this age of dissipation and scribbling, it is with satisfaction we see the ingenious author of the *Elaboratory laid open*, resume the pen, in order to draw the attention of the public from the lighter amusements, now called learning, to the more severe and useful study of philosophy on the just principles of experiment. Soon after the incorporation of the royal society by charter, natural philosophy began to be prosecuted in Great Britain, with all that warmth of zeal peculiar to novelty in this country of freedom; and the shortness of its duration was proportioned to the rapidity of its progress, the taste itself, at least, in any adequate degree, declining insensibly, to the languid state in which we now behold it. It is true, that even then, only one branch of this important philosophy, and these properties of matter relative to, or dependent on, the great principle of gravitation, the laws of motion, and those other qualities, and their effects universal in matter, constant and similar in all bodies were regarded. This alone, from its speciously higher importance, engaged the attention and labours of the mechanical philosophers, many of whom applied themselves to the extension of science with superior abilities. But the specific or peculiar qualities of particular substances, and their effects simply or conjunctly with the universal properties, by which all the minute changes are effected in bodies, were, says our author, neglected. This last it is that constitutes the art called chemistry, which may be justly reputed the parent of numberless other arts. The principles and mode of investigation, successful enough in the former branch, were by no means effectual in the latter. Here a close observation and experimental examen of a multiplicity of sub-

subjects, were requisite to discover the laws of nature, by means of specific qualities. Subsequent operations were wanting upon bodies to define their limits, and ascertain conclusions: it was therefore fundamentally necessary 'to consider the particular species of bodies, as having, besides those qualities which are common to all, certain others superadded peculiar to each, that render them different from every other: and which exist originally and elementarily in the most simple kinds; but are sometimes the result of combination, also, in the compound.'

It has been falsely supposed, that the reason why no farther progress than the discovery of general laws, has been made in *chemical philosophy*, arises from the very circumstances of the subject. The minuter action of substances mutually on each other was thought to depend on causes too abstruse, and too remote for the cognizance of the senses, to be at all intelligible; so complicated and various, as not to admit of being reduced to a simple or connected system. This supposition, says our author, has been highly injurious to philosophy. The variety of actions excited upon each other by the several species of matter, either in the natural course of operation, or through the mediation of art, is governed, he says, by regular and correspondent modes and laws, 'which constitute such a generical affinity of some with others, throughout the whole of the individuals, that being understood in the degree, which due experiments and observation render practicable, and digested by proper methodical arrangement, they furnish sufficient principles to account for, and explain the nature and power of each particular; and also to predict, in most cases, the subsequent effects of its action on any other.' Considering chemistry therefore in the light of an abstract science, or as comprising the principles of the most useful arts, we may reasonably esteem it equally important with the mechanical branch of natural philosophy: we cannot therefore but regret, with our ingenious author, that it should fall so far short of the perfection the other has obtained, and from false prejudice, owing to the supine indolence and despondency of mankind. The one has scarce been reduced to any principles at all, while the other has received almost all the perfection of which it is capable, with respect to principles. Even the laborious Boerhaave has contributed less than is generally imagined to the fixing chemistry on scientific principles. 'He compiled, indeed, a valuable collection of the practical processes of chemistry, and introduced them under the appearance of a philosophic system: but, instead of forming general abstract principles, he treated nearly the whole of the subjects in detail, and, in his remarks on them, scarcely ever kept his view from the relation they had to

medicine. In his observations, he was extremely diffuse and minute on every occasion; even to such a degree, as drew him frequently into deviations entirely foreign to the matter in question; so that his work may more properly be reputed a treatise on *chemical pharmacy* than *philosophic chemistry*, notwithstanding the title he gives it, *Elementa Chemicæ*. We entirely agree with our author, that the genius of this learned gentleman was better calculated to follow the authority of others, than to invent principles, in which he has generally failed. We must, however, except his doctrine of fire, which, though not absolutely his own, has all the merit of a discovery, from the distinct and new point of view in which he places it. 'He gives, says our author, much stronger proofs of credulity than of sagacity: from which bias he seems secretly to have been led by the opinions of the alchymists, and other writers of flighty imagination, into a labyrinth of metaphysical notions, that prevented his pursuing the knowledge of nature, by collecting fundamental principles, in the regular method of experimental investigation, and gave an enthusiastic tincture to many passages in his *Elementa Chemicæ*.' These strictures upon a chemist of Boerhaave's reputation merit particular attention, in order to remove the prejudices that arise in favour of so celebrated a name. Too implicit a faith is the rock on which he seems to have split; and nothing indeed can be more detrimental to that freedom of inquiry which forms the characteristic of a philosopher.

The author's remarks upon all the other writers on this subject, are no less judicious and candid than the foregoing: after which he gives the following account of his own design.

'In pursuance of this design, I have first, in an introductory discourse, laid down the general theoretic and practical principles of chemistry, as well in a philosophic as technical light: founding the one part on the appearances of nature presented by her in her usual course, or produced by art; and the other, as far as could be made expedient, on the notions and method already received. In what relates to the practice, I have endeavoured to convey full and clear instructions for the fabrication and preparation of the necessary apparatus: there not having been, before, any attempt to the accommodating the utensils and instruments of chemistry solely to experimental purposes; nor consequently to the teaching in what manner, an elaboratory for speculative uses should be furnished: in default of which information, the furnaces employed for pharmacy, practical metallurgy, or other arts, are generally erroneously constructed on such occasions, and the correspondent utensils provided, at an un-

unnecessary expence; and yet prove afterwards incommodious for some, and insufficient to other processes, requisite to be practised in experimental pursuits. To these, I have subjoined ample directions for the execution of all the general operations, that may become needful to the performance of any experiment or process: whether such as solely appertain to chemistry, or such, as being of more general use, are nevertheless occasionally introduced into it in aid of others.

‘ I then proceed to give the experiments and processes on the several particular kinds of bodies: but, in order to render them effectual in explaining and demonstrating the true nature and properties of the subjects, I have prefixed a concise view of the philosophic history of each article that constitutes them; and of the manner in which they may become the object of experiment: attempting to establish first the proper generical nature of each, with respect to what it is capable of effecting on and suffering from other bodies: which I conceive to be the only just principle of identity or diversity of kind in a scientific consideration of natural bodies. This attempt was the more necessary, since so little had been hitherto done towards it in the writings of others: for nothing can be more crude and unsettled than the distribution of the various kinds of bodies, which make the object of chemistry, into genera and species: there being frequent instances, where those, which are the most essentially and specifically different, are confounded together under the same denomination; as the acid essences, commonly called acid spirits, with proper saline bodies, under the name of salts; and simple or elementary earths, with stones; while at the same time such characteristic qualities are absolutely wanting, as are requisite to connect the several species by some evident relation; which, not extending to any other, may distinguish them in this light, from all others. The distribution of natural bodies, with the generical distinctions, as given by Linnæus in his *Systema Naturæ*, being received at present, and esteemed as a perfect method by many, it may be perhaps objected to me by such, that I do amiss, in not conforming to what they esteem so excellent a plan. But whoever considers, that Linnæus founded his principle of classing almost wholly on the sensible qualities, and payed little or no regard to the obscurer properties or correlative powers of the bodies, must perceive, that it could not be, in any manner, suitable to my purpose: since the similarity of bodies, with respect to their figure and colour, has in most cases very little relation to their affinity, with regard to their operative or experimental nature. A glaring instance of this appears in the case of rock chrytal, and the properly saline body called *sal cathar-*

ticus amarus or Epsom salt : which are not only disposed together under the class of *mineralia* ; but even made of the same order, under the denomination of *salia* ; and one kind of such chrysal, of the very same genus with that salt : though they agree in nothing, but being transparent, colourless, polyedrous, bodies ; and differ in every known property that can become the object of experiment. The same is seen in the confounding each kind of metallic body with its ores, by making them species of the same genus ; and holds good in a great multiplicity of other instances. It is evident, therefore, that if this method of classing, which is at best but a very indifferent substitute for one grounded on nearer relations of nature, answer any other end, that it is nevertheless in no manner accommodated to the views of chemistry or experimental philosophy ; and that I am, consequently, no way culpable, either through neglect, or perverseness of will, in deviating from it ; and instituting another on principles, that render it more fit for my use. Indeed I think myself particularly happy in having been able, as far as I have proceeded, to discover, and mark out, by clear and evident criterions, the distinction of genus and species of bodies, according to their real and interior nature ; and in supplying consequently a part of the true philosophic system of classing ; from the default of which, alone, the other ought to be tolerated, in the case of those kinds, that not being organized, nor produced by generation, have not that constant and obvious sameness of appearance, which is found where the vital principle prevails.

‘ To the experiments and processes are subjoined, for the most part, observations explanatory of the encheiresis, and illustrative of the doctrine intended to be established by them ; pointing out also the application which is, or may be, made of each to economical or commercial uses ; and the collateral lights that may be drawn from it, with relation to other parts of this treatise, or of natural philosophy in general.’

We shall defer, for the present, examining how far the sensible author has executed his design ; sufficient it is, that we now apprise our readers of so valuable a performance, reserving for a future occasion a more ample review of the author's philosophy. The book came too late to our hands to render that justice to the work, and satisfaction to our readers, which are due to both ; though, after all, we might as well pretend to include the *Iliad* in a nut-shell, as the whole merit and substance of the *Institutes of Chemistry*, in the compass of an article in the Review.

ART. VIII. *A Plan of Discipline, composed for the Militia of the County of Norfolk. Part I. and II. With forty-nine Plates.* 4to. Shuckburgh.

WE mentioned long ago * the publication of a small part of the Norfolk discipline, and might have pleaded this in our excuse, had we omitted to take notice of this improved edition of it: but, besides that the additions are so considerable, as to render it almost a new work, when men of eminent rank, abilities, and fortune, will associate and labour in the service of their country, we cannot, as fellow-citizens, avoid receiving their labours with more than common respect, and devoting a few pages to propagate the good effects for which they were designed.

Part I. contains, by way of introduction, a brief history of the first admission and successive changes of the manual exercise, the general principles by which that of a late adjutant-general has been tried, and the reasons for composing a new one for the militia. To this succeeds the militia exercise, with notes, explaining the use of each attitude, and reason of each particular variation from the regulars.

Part II. contains directions to officers for teaching the manual exercise; for marching the Prussian straight and oblique steps; wheeling by ranks, platoons, and divisions; for sizing and assembling; conducting to the place of exercise; forming and exercising companies. To the whole are added very accurate plates, exhibiting the different attitudes of men and officers, marching, wheeling, &c.

The dedication is wrote by brigadier-general Townshend, (associate of the late glorious WOLFE † at the conquest of Quebec)
to

* See Monthly Catalogue for October, 1758.

† This promising genius was one of the first, we are told, who dared to vary from the customary form of exercise, and disciplined a regiment, of which he was lieutenant-colonel, in a manner like the Prussian, long before the exercise called Prussian was introduced. This innovation displeased the drones, both high and low; and he was, for several years, the object of their pointless ridicule. Had he been unsuccessful, either at Louisbourg (for there he did essential service, tho' in a subor-

to lord Shaftesbury, and the other lords-lieutenant, who countenance the militia. It is so replete with the spirit of the true nobleman and British patriot, that we cannot forbear transcribing a part of it.

‘ To the right hon. the earl of Shaftesbury, &c.

‘ My lord,

‘ Your lordship, and the other illustrious personages, to whom this little volume is addressed, will, I flatter myself, find no impropriety in its claiming your consideration, and aspiring to your patronage. The work (such as it is) springs from the zeal of some friends to a national militia, in the county of Norfolk, who, confiding in the irresistible principle of the measure, and the general sentiments of that independent county, have been greatly instrumental in carrying it into execution, in spite of every obstacle which the pride and envy of particular men could suggest, or the violence and artifice of their agents could practice against it. As nothing could more effectually promote the success of this measure in general than a communication between the several counties, whereby each will see what has been done in the other, and judge what is worth adopting, my worthy friend, the author † of this little work, has charged me with the manner of introducing it to your lordships, knowing that I have the honour of being acquainted with many of you; and I embrace, with pleasure, the opportunity which it affords me, of thus publicly acknowledging my just and grateful veneration, as an Englishman, for the truly noble and patriot part which your lordships have acted on this occasion; recalling so fully to our minds, the antient spirit, independence, and splendour of our British nobility.

‘ However shamefully backward a part of this kingdom still appears, in resolving whether it will owe its preservation to it-

dinate station) or at Quebec, how would the dunces have hallooed at youth, inexperience, book-knowledge, and military madness! To their confusion, however, to the encouragement of military study, and the universal joy of Britain, both are ours! Pardon our warmth, gentle reader! the ignorant reflections cast at this particular young hero have long excited an indignation, which we have more than once been unable to restrain, and of which we are now less than ever able to repeat.

† Lieutenant-colonel Windham,

self,

self, or delegate a circumstance of so much happiness and honour to fortuitous and inadequate resources; yet, my lords, the progress which the militia has made in these counties, where your lordship's personal dignity, and family-influence attended it, no longer leaves the most prejudiced cavalier an opportunity of denying its practicability as to the civil part of the bill; the common people having seen their error in the views of their last year's instructors, and the meetings for the ballot being now attended with volunteers instead of rioters. Our military sceptics now direct their whole artillery against the military part of the act: to obviate, therefore, the objections on this side, a worthy gentleman of Norfolk, tho' no regular-bred soldier, nor the offspring of the parade, has endeavoured to prove how easily an healthy, robust countryman, or a resolute mechanic, may be taught the use of arms; and how very attainable that degree of military knowledge is, which will enable a country gentleman to command a platoon; consequently, that under proper encouragement, it is very possible for this kingdom (the constant rival of the most powerful nation in the world, and engaged often for its own sake to defend the liberties of others) to establish so numerous and permanent a force as may enable it at all times to act with superiority abroad, without endangering its own safety or liberties at home.——How astonishing is it then, my lords, that there should be men, whose rank and knowledge should put them above such prejudices, who maintain, that in a nation circumstanced like this, a militia is dangerous, sometimes that it is impracticable. Even of your lordship's order, some who once raised a body of men, not totally unlike a militia, are now become so very military, as to affect to despise it; imagining, perhaps, that the safety of Britain would again, under such dreadful circumstances, be better trusted to troops of their dependents raised on a sudden than to that general effort, which it is but reasonable to expect from the whole nation, when armed in its defence: a resource which has been ever found to answer, even in nations far inferior to the British in natural courage. But, my lords, if those who remember the disgrace and distraction of the year 1745, have not yet learned to wish for some farther security at home, at a time when we must send forth the greatest part of our armies, for the protection of our colonies, or the support of our allies; I will not flatter myself that I shall be able to prevail with them; nor can I expect better success from addressing those who have drawn no instructions of this kind from the events of the year 1756: little inferior to the former in terror and disgrace, tho' arising from a different cause. For then our whole force being detained at

home, through real or imagined danger, our enemies had nearly over-ran all our colonies; Minorca fell; Great Britain imported a foreign army for her protection, and her flag and character sunk into the lowest contempt. What was the justification made use of in those days? Was it not our defenceless state at home? Let me ask, has care been taken to provide for that defect, should the events of war (which no man can command) bring back that scene? Or is our present security in the midst of our success, owing to any thing but the vigorous measures (unknown in those days I have mentioned) resulting from the singular intrepidity of an eminent individual?—It will be proper, my lords, to assure you, that I have seen this short and easy exercise taught and executed with the greatest success. I have myself made a gentleman perfectly master of it in two or three mornings, so as to perform it with grace and spirit. Our militia-men learn it in seven or eight days; some of them in less time. Were I to enter into any description of it, I should anticipate the following sheets; but it is incumbent upon me to declare, that I have a very small share in the composition, the chief part of it being the result of a very active mind and military turn in my worthy friend; which shews how deep a man of parts may penetrate into any science, without having first gone thro' the regular degrees, so often esteemed by pedants the essential parts of a man's education. My friend is much less indebted to me than to our adjutant Mr. Mowat, who, being esteemed a very good one in the army, is an authority which I beg leave to avail myself of, with scrupulous men of his profession, in favour of the work. It is impossible for me to conclude this dedication to your lordships, (the first indeed I ever wrote) without acknowledging that assistance which the militia has received from the harmony and good will with which the military gentlemen have co-operated with it in several counties. I wish their example had been more generally imitated.—However, my lords, under all the discouragements which this national act has met with, thro' slights, delays, and evasions, on the parts of those, whose duty it was to execute this law, with that zeal which becomes every good and faithful magistrate; it must nevertheless derive too much strength from your lordship's countenance and authority to fail at last: on the contrary, as we see it walks alone, having from the goodness of its frame survived much unnatural treatment; to the joy of every good Englishman, and not a little, I believe, to the astonishment of some of its good nurses and guardians; we may now venture to flatter ourselves it will live to full maturity, and become a most useful part of the constitution, &c."

The

The introduction (and indeed the whole book) shews too much digested reading to be the production of a foldier of a year's standing only, and induces us to believe, that colonel Windham has, for some time, made military affairs not the least considerable part of his amusement and observation. It will, we doubt not, afford very agreeable entertainment to every man who has the least British spirit, or historical curiosity.

Of the manual exercise what his excellency general Townshend has said, will, as it ought, be of more weight than any thing we can say in its favour, and may, in time, perhaps, prevail over all the objections which envy, prejudice, or ignorance, can make against this sacrilegious innovation. Some objections have already been made—judge of them, reader, by the following specimen: It is agreed, that foldiers in action use not near so many motions as they practise in the common exercise: the Norfolk exercise has nearly the same number as must be used in action: *ergo*, the Norfolk regiment must be confused by so few motions; that is, they will be more confused by practising a few *useful*, than a great many *useless* motions.—An objection of this kind carries its own refutation with it, and seems to be borrowed from some old masters of the noble science of defence, with whom it has seemed essential, to practise with a foil such thrusts, as no man in his senses would attempt with a more pointed weapon.

But whatever be the fate of this manual exercise, the second part of the work, relative to marching, wheeling, forming companies, &c. may probably be useful to the majority of militia-officers, and to a few, perhaps, of the regular, as it does not, in so many particulars, run counter to the established discipline.

The purchasers are desired not to bind their books, till a third part on the manoeuvres of battalions be published; for the delay of which, the colonel has apologized in a manner that equally displays his candour and thirst of military knowledge. He writes like a man whose whole mind is full of his subject, having, as he tells us, 'studied perspicuity rather than elegance, and chusing rather to be censured for being diffuse, and full of repetitions, than for omitting any useful direction.'

We have long been used to acknowledge the French officers to excel us in the art of war; 'tis time to try whether we cannot surpass our masters. We seem approaching, by large strides, to this desirable end; and the glorious successes of our much-lamented Wolfe, and other young heroes, having rendered military

tary application no longer a reproach, we do not despair of seeing masterly works on the great operations of war by Englishmen ; and that our officers will be as much ashamed to own their inferiority to the French, as they would be to own an ignorance of their mother-tongue.

ART. IX. *Female Banishment : or, the Woman Hater.* Originally wrote by the Chevalier de Mouhy, Author of the *Fortunate Country Maid*. 12mo. Pr. 6s. Lownds.

SUCH is the mediocrity of this performance, that we will neither venture to praise it, for any particular excellence, or absolutely pronounce it totally destitute of merit, like most modern productions of the kind. Those readers who are pleased with French romances characterized by a wild imagination, little judgment, no probability, but such an address withal, as interests us in a narrative altogether absurd, may waste half a day innocently enough in perusing the *Female Hater* ; or, the history of a prince, who, from two or three instances of perfidy in the sex, conceives so strong an aversion to women, that he inclosed all the females of his kingdom in a strong town, cut off from all communication with the men, till at length his prejudices were surmounted, and the women set at liberty, through the beauty, modesty, virtue, and faithful attachment of a young lady to his person. Her he afterwards espouses ; and the tale concludes, with poetical justice in a wedding.

If the work has any merit, it consists in the portraiture, which, we imagine, we can trace, of the French court, at a period not very distant from the present ; and in the episodes so frequently and artfully introduced, though they may be thought too much to interrupt the principal narration. But we will not spend time in criticizing upon the translation of a French novel, as we can pronounce nothing concerning the original, which we have not seen. The following history, the shortest in the whole performance, will furnish our readers with a specimen of the translator's style.

‘ One day returning from hunting, which I then esteemed the greatest pleasure, I perceived something move in a coppice, which made me fancy some savage beast lurked there. I advanced to it with precaution, carrying a lance in my hand, in hopes to surprize the animal ; but scarce had I advanced ten steps in this solitary place, when I perceived a young person preparing herself in
all

all appearance to bath in an adjacent basin, whose water was as clear as chrystal. I felt something at this sight which I had never been sensible of before, and for the first time regarded woman with attention.

‘My father had recommended so strongly to me to fly from a sex, who, he said, were the pernicious cause of all our misconduct, and he added to this salutary advice so strong a precaution to keep myself always employed, that I had not as yet thought of women: but at this time I could not conquer myself, the object before me charmed my senses, and excited me to persist and gratify my curiosity. I glided gently behind the shrubs that grew on the borders of the canal, laid myself flat on the ground, and kept my eyes fixed on this young maid, who had pulled off her sandals, and was bathing her feet: they were whiter than snow. She sighed several times, and seemed to be uneasy. After having sat still some time, she threw herself down on the bank, with her feet still in the water, she seemed as if she slept or mused. I was in despair at this delay, I waited for her to bath herself; what I had seen made such an impression on me, that I was uneasy without knowing the reason. At last this young maid threw aside her upper robe. Who would believe, after the design I had formed, that I should shut my eyes when it was permitted me to gratify myself: O respectable innocence, you yet reigned in my heart! She proceeded to undress herself: while she remained covered I had not ceased to regard her; but when she was undressing, shame made the blood fly into my face. I could not avoid trembling: I retired and saw no more. Scarce was I thirty paces from this place fatal to my repose, than I repented the having deprived myself of a pleasure, which my imagination suggested to be so great. I was ashamed of having been ashamed. I no longer blushed through innocence, but from anger that I had blushed; the remains of virtue that I had, began to struggle, but my heart was ulcerated, the ill was without a remedy; it carried me by force to see this beautiful maid again. After pausing, I returned; I entered the coppice with the same precaution, but in the time I had lost in going and returning, she had finished her bathing and was gone. I returned home very much grieved. This beautiful maid was always present to my imagination. I did not cease a moment from thinking of her; I saw her such as she had appeared to me, and I recalled to mind the least of her actions; sleep terminated at last these reflections, but the moment I awaked, I resolved to return to the same place, and endeavour to be bolder and more fortunate than I had been the preceding evening.

Three

‘ Three days passed without my being able to find her. In vain I traversed the coppice; she appeared no more. In despair at the disappointment, and more and more possessed by her idea, which every where accompanied me, I searched for her in all the neighbouring places, but in vain. O enlivening fun, cried I, permit me again to see this beautiful maid, and I ask no more. My prayer was heard the fourth day in the morning. I was crossing a path in the wood which ended in this fatal coppice, when turning round I saw her; she came to me with precipitation: ‘ Ah,’ said she in a charming voice, ‘ have you seen my little white lamb.’ No my pretty maid, replied I, advancing towards her, but if you please I will help you to search for it. ‘ Willingly,’ replied she, ‘ for I shall break my heart if I do not find it.’ In rapture I thanked heaven and went with her. I was pleased with her chat, removed the briars that obstructed her way, and was her willing slave. She told me that she lived in the neighbouring village, and fed her flock near that place; two hours passed without finding the lamb. ‘ Ah! ill fortune,’ cried she, ‘ we shall never find my white lamb; they stole it while I slept under the shade of the linden tree, near the clear fountain where my flock goes to drink; let us return to that place, perhaps it may be come back again.’ Her conjecture was right, we found the little animal, and in that moment she ran and gave it a thousand caresses; the lamb held down its head, bleated, and seemed pleased with these precious favours; I envied its happiness.

‘ I passed whole days with Clarinet, (that was her name) and passed them merely in admiring her, and speaking of indifferent things; I would have spoke to her of the love with which she had filled my soul, but when I opened my mouth to speak, bashfulness with-held me and stopped my tongue.

‘ Several days passed in this manner. Whenever I left her I formed the finest projects in the world for the next day; I even studied my declaration; but the moment I saw her, my timidity returned, and I entirely forgot my tale. At last I laid hold of an opportunity, which Clarinet herself afforded to declare my love.

‘ There was to be a feast solemnized the first day of the new-moon, on account of a prodigy which had appeared on an adjacent lake, whose waters one night were covered with rays of light. They judged that this place was sacred, and that the goddess Diana dwelt there: in this imagination they thought it incumbent on them to sacrifice to her; and the offering was to be

be presented by the young maidens of the neighbouring village. They vied with each other to appear finest on this occasion. The priestess of the temple consecrated to Diana, had chose out the most amiable to present the destined offering. Clarinet was to lead up the procession: she apprized me of it with transport; but at the same time discovered some uneasiness, that her parents were poor, and not in a situation to let her appear suitable to her wish. Her robe, which should have been of the finest linen, and white as snow, was only an ordinary stuff, which gave her uneasiness: I loved too well not to make her easy on this head; and resolving to gratify her wishes, and remove all her wants, the next day I sent her a packet, in which I had put all that was necessary to make her appear brilliant. This present transported her with joy: I saw how greatly she was pleased with it, and thought the occasion so favourable that, with a stammering voice, broken sentences, and confused action, I declared my love. My declaration was well received. This encouraged me, I still continued my assiduity, and had the pleasure in a little time to find myself as much beloved as I dared hope.

‘ Every day I enjoyed the happiness of seeing my Clarinet, and usually carried her some present: I was the oftener induced to it, as she always repaid me with some little innocent favour. Sometimes she gave me her hand to kiss, at others pressed mine. If the gift was considerable the crook raised a corner of her handkerchief, as if by chance, and permitted me to see the beauties which it concealed; then would she punish me with an amorous slap, which she said was for my curiosity. I enjoyed too much pleasure in these happy moments to debar myself of it by my presumption. What happiness did I not feel in this charming commerce! Never have I known any since that may be compared to it.

‘ One day as I was lying by her side on the grass, assuring her of the most lively tenderness, she suddenly got up, seemed confused, and bid me get away as fast as I could; for she saw her brother coming, who would severely reprimand her, if he found me with her. I obeyed with precipitation. I loved my shepherdes too well to cause her the least pain.

‘ The next day was an unhappy one to me. I durst not approach my Clarinet; her brother was with her, and by the largeness of the flock that fed near them, I feared he would stay with her all that day. Prepossessed with this idea I returned home very melancholy. This was the first absence I had suffered since my being in love. In vain I sought for amusement.

At sun-rise I returned, but found more cause to exercise my patience. Eight days passed as the first. I knew not what to think. Without doubt, said I to myself, he has been informed of my frequent visits. He dreads I should steal his sister, and therefore never leaves her.

‘ This absence gave me the greatest pain; I was greatly affected with the reflections I made, and resolved, let what would be the consequence, to join Clarinet, and know how I should be able to see her for the future.

‘ The next day I concealed myself behind some bushes which formed a hedge near a brook, upon whose banks she used to sit. The sun was scarce risen when I saw her and her brother driving their flocks into the meadows: they soon came near the place where I was concealed. My situation was convenient; for I could not only see them, but also hear what they said. There was but one thing I had to fear; this was the dogs belonging to the flock; but as the brook was large, I hoped that would take off their scent. I did not wait long before I found my conjecture was right. They came to drink and snuffed the air; but I was freed from my uneasiness by their returning to the plain. The first thing that Clarinet and her brother did was to breakfast; I was not a little surprized at the attention this brother paid to his charming sister. He prevented her in every thing. A knife fell from her hand; he flew to pick it up; he wiped it, and presented it to her with uncommon politeness. I had an opportunity whilst he stood to observe him. He was for a man what Clarinet was for a woman, tall and well-made, and had the most pleasing countenance I ever saw; dressed simply as he was, he had a genteel and distinguished air. In a word, I should have been greatly pleased with him if his ill-timed presence had not disconcerted all my amorous schemes.

‘ But it was not long before I changed my opinion of him. Oh heavens! what a brother! As soon as they had finished their breakfast, he took Clarinet round the neck, and asked if she would be always his love. She took his hand, and kissed it. I knew not what to think of a tenderness so excessive between brother and sister. But I was not yet at the height of my astonishment. Clarinet for one kiss gave him two, blended with caresses, innocent indeed, but which did not appear much in character between brother and sister. I remained for some time patient, in hopes to hear them say something that might clear my doubts, which were pretty strong. In effect, it was not long before I was too well acquainted with the truth. A conduct not
so

so timid as mine, and some words that I heard, discovered that Thigeles (the name of this supposed brother) was a shepherd of the village, not related to Clarinet, who was a coquet that had made me believe any thing she pleased, and had played upon me. I learned from the rest of the conversation that Thigeles was a party in the cheat; and that he kept me away only to make me the more desirous to see her, with the design of obliging me to make her more presents. What raileries followed the plots they laid to cheat me! I had heard enough, and retired with a firm resolution of making them repent it.

ART. X. *Considerations on the Importance of Canada, and the Bay and River of St. Lawrence; and of the American Fisheries dependant on the Islands of Cape Breton, St. John's, Newfoundland, and the Seas adjacent. Addressed to the Right Hon. William Pitt.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Owen.

NEED we wonder that the measures of the present minister are crowned with such amazing success, when we see him assisted by so numerous and able a council of volunteers as the worthy fraternity of Grub-street? Do these gentlemen determine upon prosecuting the war, the means for raising the supplies, recruiting our armies, and manning our fleets, are immediately pointed out to the administration, who have nothing more to do than to pick and chuse out of such a variety of salutary and well-digested projects. On the contrary, should they resolve to sheath the sword, in consequence of the book-seller's aversion to blood, they are no less ready in laying down plans of a general pacification; the terms which we ought to grant to our enemies, and the advantages to be deduced from our conquests. It is rather surprising, that the directors of publick affairs should ever fall into error than that they are sometimes in the right, when surrounded with so many faithful counsellors, who are never at a loss for advice, in the most critical situations. The sagacious author of these Considerations takes care to apprise Mr. Pitt of the importance of Canada, the river St. Lawrence, the American fisheries, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, &c. to the trade and navigation of this kingdom, of which, to be sure, he was before ignorant, notwithstanding the large sums expended in fleets and armies to reduce the French colonies, and ruin their marine. 'Tis probable, indeed, that the minister had no other view than to distinguish the national prowess, give lustre to his majesty's reign, and signalize his

his own administration, without any regard to the emolument of the nation. After giving an extract from an arret of the French king's, published at Fointainbleau in the year 1713, our author informs Mr. Pitt, ' that it is evident, from the above arret, the French have employed all the arts in their power, and used every endeavour possible, to extend their fisheries in the seas of Canada, to which they so insolently pretend to have a right.

' The total (in the calculation of this French American fishery) has varied at different periods; but we may venture to settle it, in time of peace, at 900 ships annually (each of 150 tons, one with another) which, at 20 quintals of fish *per* ton, makes 2,700,000 quintals; and valuing the quintal at 20 shillings, the * annual gain to France, by this fishery, will then be £ 2,700,000 sterling. These 900 ships (as above) carrying each 18 men, one with another, make 16,200 seamen employed only in this fishery. So that, should this calculation be thought but tolerably just, we need not wonder that the naval power of France should have risen to the height in which we have seen it, during the last and the present war. Nor would it be matter of surprize should we again see it, after a few years peace, in a yet more formidable state than ever, in case that crown should be so fortunate, as to be left in possession of the islands of Cape Breton and St. John's.

' When we reflect, that this American fishery is the grand nursery for the best seamen, and the French raise out of it five times the number we do; we may naturally infer, that Great Britain, which claims obedience on the ocean, will, in a few years, become subservient to France, if timely care be not taken to prevent it:—and that we have it now in our power to preserve such superiority, is beyond all dispute.

' By the 13th article of the treaty of Utrecht, the French are limited with respect to their fishing in Newfoundland; which however they are well known to have always deviated from, even to this day.—They will now ('tis to be hoped) be totally excluded from any share in this American fishery, by our right of conquest.—And we shall shew, immediately, our incontestable title to these seas, from our first discovery. In a word, the French have dealt so very treacherously by us, that we may justly

* Out of this annual gain must be deducted the value of the mud and dried cod-fish; consumed in France.

lament their being possessed of a single inch of land, or sea territory, in North America: and we ought to be so well acquainted with our own interest, as not to let slip any more the fair opportunity which offers itself; now the sword is impending over their heads; without our wresting from them, and securing to ourselves, these territories and seas, whence only they can have it in their power to destroy us, or render us contemptible; and such we shall unpitied be, whenever the naval power of France shall become superior to that of Great Britain.

‘Our having taken, sunk, or destroyed, during the present war, a full third part of their navy, has certainly lessened the mischiefs which our commerce might otherwise have sustained from them; at the same time, that their trade has been so much the more exposed to capture, by our men of war and privateers.—Yet, as no country recovers so soon, from its wounds, as France; and as the flower of her seamen, (now prisoners here) must be restored to her upon a peace; she then will need but to replace the ships she has lost, either by building them at home, or by employing foreigners for that purpose, (which we well know may be done in a very few years,) in order for her to be as formidable a naval power as she was before the commencement of the present war. It is even very natural to suppose, that the French will exert their utmost endeavours, to be still more powerful; they having seen, and felt, from our example, that their very existence as a trading nation, depends wholly upon their having a mighty navy. But should we be so happy as to establish our possessions and conquests in North America, (neglecting nothing which may secure to us the firm and lasting alliance and friendship of the Indians) it will then be impossible for France to cultivate her fisheries in those seas; from which moment we may pronounce her no longer a maritime power. She may, indeed, possess ships of war; but they will rot in her harbours for want of seamen (at least good ones) to man them, and of trade to protect. The completing so glorious a plan, which, by the wisdom and fortitude of our councils, is already brought to such great forwardness, cannot fail of producing the most signal advantages to this nation; by furnishing the means of laying a very solid foundation, for unburthening it of that heavy load of debt and taxes, under which the people have been groaning for so many years.’

He likewise reminds him of the blunder committed last year in sending coals to Cape Breton, an island so plentifully supplied

plied with fewel : which, to own the truth, was a solecism equivalent with *sending coals to Newcastle.*

ART. XI. *Genuine Letters from a Volunteer in the British Service at Quebec.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Whitridge, and A. and C. Corbett.

EVERY circumstance, even the most minute, relating to this glorious conquest, must be acceptable to a British reader; and here he will find several that are not generally known.

‘ This city (meaning Quebec) the metropolis of the French dominions in America, and which, for strength, stateliness, and the beauty of her situation, may vie with many in Europe, is the see of a bishop, and contains within its walls seven parish-churches, besides a magnificent cathedral. The governor’s and bishop’s palaces, though not very regular, are fine structures. The college of Jesuits is a noble large building, with spacious gardens; and all the buildings, both public and private, seem to me composed of free-stone, and erected in the European taste; entertaining, even in its ruins, the beholder with a beautiful and noble prospect.

‘ The island of Orleans, situated below Quebec, extends itself from east to west near twenty-two miles, its breadth being four; dividing the river into two channels, that for the shipping being on the south side, and is two miles broad. The west end of this island is distant from Quebec four miles; between which, the main land, and Point Levi, opposite the town, where our batteries are erected, is stationed all the fleet.

‘ This island (of Orleans), which I have traversed through every part, is covered with noble crops of wheat, rye, and barley, intermixed with fields of pease, so numerous, that both navy and army have been plentifully served with them six weeks, together with greens and fruit in abundance. The whole is, in short, a granary, containing about nine hundred farm-houses, divided into five parishes, to each of which belongs a church, that, in the neatness of its gilding and sculpture, exceeds most of the kind in England.’

The bravery and sentiment of our British officers appear in nothing more conspicuous, than in the following incident :

‘ Not-

Notwithstanding the check we received in the action (of the 31st of July), it must be admitted our people behaved with great vivacity. I cannot omit being particular with respect to a singular instance of personal bravery and real courage.

Captain Ochterlony and Lieutenant Peyton (both of General Moncton's regiment) were wounded, and fell before the breast-work near the falls.—The former, mortally, being shot through the body; the latter was wounded only in his knee.—Two savages pushed down upon them with the utmost precipitation, armed with nothing but their diabolical knives. The first seized on Captain Ochterlony, when Mr. Peyton, who lay reclining on his fusée, discharged it, and the savage dropt immediately on the body of his intended prey.

The other savage advanced with much eagerness to Mr. Peyton, who had no more than time to disengage his bayonet, and conceal its disposition. With one arm he ward off the purposed blow, and with the other stung him to the heart: nevertheless, the savage, though fallen, renewed his attempts; insomuch that Mr. Peyton was obliged to repeat his blows, and stab him through and through the body.

A straggling grenadier, who had happily escaped the slaughter of his companions, stumbled upon Captain Ochterlony, and readily offered him his services. The Captain, with the spirit and bravery of a true Briton, replied, "Friend, I thank you!--but with respect to me, the musquet, or scaling knife, will be only a more speedy deliverance from pain. I have but a few minutes to live. Go--make haste--and tender your service, where there is a possibility, it may be useful." At the same time he pointed to Mr. Peyton, who was then endeavouring to crawl away on the sand.

The grenadier took Mr. Peyton on his back, and conveyed him to the boat, but not without each receiving a wound.—Mr. Peyton in his back, and his rescuer another near his shoulder.

This anecdote we insert with particular satisfaction, as a tribute to the memory of that gallant officer Capt. Ochterlony, whom we personally knew. He was a native of North Britain, who had served as lieutenant in the Scotch Dutch brigade, during the last war, with honour and reputation. In the beginning of this war he was admitted to the same rank in the

service of Great Britain, and in the American regiment. He distinguished himself by his gallantry and military endowments at the siege of Louisbourg, and on other occasions, so as to attract the notice and esteem of his general, who conferred upon him the command of a company; and he fell in the prime of age, justly regretted as one of the most accomplished and amiable young gentlemen in the service.

The following account of our much lamented general's death is, though short, yet affecting.

‘ The centre, commanded by general Wolfe in person, having fired no more than twice, before the French sensibly experienced the sharpness of their bayonets: and the Highlanders discharging their pieces, fell in sword in hand, *indeed very unpolitely*, and made a havock not to be described.—A total rout ensued; part of the enemy fled into the woods, part into the town, and the rest fell in the field:—But, alas! our brave general: He likewise fell:—crowned with conquest, he smiled in death:—His principal care was, that he should not be seen to fall:—“ Support me, said he, to such as were near him; let “ not my brave soldiers see me drop:—the day is our’s:—Oh! “ keep it;”—and he died.

—breve & irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ: sed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.

—O dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti.

—te optima mater

Condet humi, patriæ onerabit membra sepulchro.

Our volunteer, with a laudable spirit of impartiality, does justice to the uncommon valour of our fellow-subjects of North Britain, who have remarkably signalized themselves by their courage and intrepidity in this, as well as in every other action of consequence which has happened in America and the West-Indies, since they were conveyed to those parts of the world. Considering their gallantry, and attachment to their leaders, it is great pity they should ever be misled so far as to employ these talents in a wrong cause.

‘ I have already mentioned the havock made by the Highlanders: the bullet and bayonet are decent deaths, compared with the execution of their swords. Happy in escaping unhurt, I traversed the field of battle, while strewed with bleeding carcasses, and covered with unemployed arms: a neat silver-mounted

mounted hanger, fastened to the side of an apparently headless trunk, and which consequently was useless to its original French possessor, attracted my attention. When the body was turned over, in order to unbuckle the belt, my astonishment was indeed great: his head lay under his breast, one stroke upon the back of his neck, having cut through the whole, except a small part of the skin of the throat, by which it remained connected with the body.'

ART. XII. *A Treatise on Rents.* By a late Lord Chief Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Nourse.

WE are informed in the preface, that this treatise was sent from Ireland by a person of the highest station in the law, with the greatest assurances that it was written by the late Lord Chief Baron Gilbert. How far this information may be genuine we shall not pretend to determine; though we are of opinion, that it is the product of no ordinary pen. It evidences great reading and application, and the author seems to have clearly understood his subject by his judicious manner of arrangement. But if he had made a division of his subject into chapters, instead of making it one continued series, we apprehend it would have been more useful. Speaking of the origin of tenures, he says,

' All property, by our law, is presumed to have been originally in the crown; and the king portioned it out in large districts to the great men that had deserved well of him in the wars, and were able to advise him in time of peace. This was the nature of their tenure; and these were all the services the king expected in return for such concessions. But these large districts or countries would have been but of little use, either to the lords, or to the public, if they had continued in their own hands: in such a case, they must, in the midst of their large territories, have wanted almost the necessaries of life; and the public that strength and security, which land well peopled and cultivated produces and yields. From hence it became necessary to subdivide those territories; and the division must necessarily have been made among two sorts of men, to answer the several necessities of the lord and the public;—the military men, to attend the lord in the field, and venture their lives for their country;—and the socmen, to plow the demesnes which the lord kept in his own hands for the support of his own table,

or to make an annual return of corn and other provisions for that use and purpose: and hence, by the way, the lands which the socmen held were called farms, from the Saxon word *feorm*, which signifies provisions.

‘ These corporal services, as money multiplied and trade increased, were changed into money by the consent of the tenants, and the desire of the lords; and, as the military tenure began to decline, they admitted of compositions from the feudal tenant for not attending his lord in the field, and those compositions were ascertained by parliament after the war was over, which was called *Escuage*: this change of the services seems to have been for the ease and advantage of the lords, because they were no longer obliged to carry their own provisions to the camp, when they had money from their tenants, which in every place would sufficiently provide them with all the necessaries of life.’

The author then proceeds to treat of distresses, the different kinds of rents, and remedies for the recovery thereof, together with the principal matters incident to a subject of this kind, in a close succinct manner. ‘ It may be objected (says our author) that this work is insufficient to the end proposed, because several acts of parliament, made since the time it was written, have varied the law with relation to rents: but on consideration this will be found to occasion only a trivial diminution of the value of this tract. Those acts of parliament are but few, and mostly confined to the means of recovering rents due, in common cases: they are also in general well known to persons concerned in practice, or at the worst easily recurred to; and therefore do not properly constitute a part of those difficulties intended to be removed by this treatise: while the doctrinal principles, and points of common law, on which, as well the knowledge of the rights themselves, as of the means of security and recovery of them depend, are little affected by later acts of parliament, and make the most abstruse, and far greatest part of what is necessary to be understood, by either those who are in the practice of the law, or concerned in conveyancing. Those who seek to obtain a clear and distinct knowledge of the nature of rents, and the practice with regard to them, as founded on the law of England, will not be disappointed in the assistance they may hope for from the title of this work. The learned and elaborate author has searched for the principles in the original policy and usages which gave rise to them. He has traced down the changes in the practice to near the present time; deduced the reasons

reasons from those obvious alterations of circumstances which occasioned them; and conveyed the whole in so intelligible and comprehensive a manner, as can scarcely fail to give such a just notion of this subject, either with respect to doctrine or practice, as will leave little necessary to those who make themselves masters of what he has furnished: and the part which may be wanting to complete the knowledge of what relates to rents, *viz.* the variation made by the later acts of parliaments, is so much in the reach of every one as renders the deficiency of little consequence.'

To those, therefore, who are desirous to acquire a fundamental knowledge touching the origin, nature, and recovery of rents, we recommend this treatise, it being a work that cannot fail of meeting with the approbation of all competent judges.

FOREIGN ARTICLES.

ART. XIII. *Histoire du Bas-Empire, par Mons. Le Beau, 2 Vols. 8vo.* Seyffert, Dean-street, Soho.

THOSE who peruse the history of the Roman empire, the best constituted government that ever existed, will view, with surprize, the regular and slow progression by which it arrived at maturity, and the no less, though gentle, gradation, through which it passed into decay and ruin. From observing this analogy between the several circumstances of its rise and fall, political writers have aptly compared the various epochs of its growth and decline, to the different periods of human life. Under the regal government Rome may be said to be in her infancy; the little state struggling merely for support, without a view to conquests, excepting such as naturally resulted from the efforts made in self-defence. Her youthful period was under the consular sway, during which, every spring and member of the fabric had been inured and strengthened by continual exercise and action, till under Augustus she arrived at maturity, and acquired a degree of vigour and power, unparalleled in the annals of time. She made and deposed kings at pleasure, gave law to the universe, and thus maintained herself for three successive centuries, amidst all the disorders consequent on tyranny, corruption, civil discord, foreign wars, and a military government, till the removal of the seat of empire to the East by Constantine. Now, indeed, she discovered the first symptoms of decline; but still the great abilities of that monarch,

who was the life and soul of the empire, rendered her approaching old age vigorous and respectable; nor did she fall into imbecility and decrepitude before the reign of Theodosius, which may be stiled the dotage of the Roman empire. So robust a constitution could not be reduced to this deplorable situation, but by reiterated shocks of fortune, the grossest errors in conduct, the greatest pusillanimity in the princes, the total decay of public spirit, which had once raised Rome to the dignity of mistress of the universe, and that must have crept by time into the remoter hinges of government, which, sooner or later, destroys the most accurate machine, whether natural or political: perhaps we may add, that unwieldy bulk of empire, which, by its own weight, extinguished the vital principle.

In this point of view will a politician behold the vicissitudes of the Roman power. Mr. Le Beau begins his history with the reign of Constantine the Great; a period which, though glorious in itself, forms a striking contrast to the spirit of the republic under the consuls, and her power under the twelve Cæsars. This is an æra fraught with the justest political maxims, and, in fact, the truest school of politics. If the first ages of Rome present scenes more brilliant and dazzling, the last afford lessons more instructive. Adversity is generally the best instructress of wisdom; and we are able more distinctly to trace the measures which lead to misfortune than those that contribute to prosperity. While Rome was at the height of glory, virtues and vices were more splendid; their glare conceal from our sight the more secret motives of action, and dazzle the eye before we distinctly view the object. It is not so in the later period; here the imagination is not hurried away by the heat of action, but permitted coolly to trace the progress of corruption, of luxury, of avarice, and of every selfish vice, which imperceptibly sapped, and at last overturned the state. Now we can calmly pursue the steps by which human nature itself seemed altered; can see ambition and revenge gain their purposes by poison, not the sword; villany itself become less enterprising, and more disgusting by its meanness; personal interest take place of public spirit; all the bands of society disunited and dissolved; and the barbarians penetrate to the very heart of the empire, who once dreaded an irruption into the most remote provinces. Such is the age our author has chosen for the subject of his history, in which we behold this gloomy picture frequently enlivened by some accidental rays of the ancient spirit of the republic, and a few heroes burst forth, as from the tombs of their ancestors, whose virtues cast a glare over

over the dying genius of Rome, now glimmering in the socket.

Mr. Le Beau has the talent, and perhaps the most difficult of an historian, every where of engaging the reader's attention, and conducting him with a solicitous anxiety even through religious disputes, by contrasting them with the more busy and interesting scenes. After a short review of the affairs of the empire, from the battle of Actium to the accession of Constantine to the imperial crown, he begins with an inquiry into the disputed parentage, age, and birth-place of this glorious monarch. He particularly examines the latter point, and that fact asserted by Baronius, and a number of English historians, of his having been born at York or Colchester, strenuously denying our country the credit of giving a head to Christianity and the empire, so much to the honour of both. No writer he observes, after the seventh century, has ventured to assert Constantine a native of England; and the unanimous testimony of all prior writers refutes the suggestion. It is a dispute, however, which we have neither leisure nor inclination to examine; and we believe it will be doing our readers more justice, to present them with the following specimens of our author's style and manner of drawing characters. Speaking of Constantine, he says,

' Sa gloire naissante attiroit sur lui tous les regards. A son retour d'Egypte on accouroit sur son passage, on s'empressoit de le voir: tout annonçoit un prince né pour l'empire. Il marchoit à la droite de Dioclétien: sa bonne mine le distinguoit de tous les autres.' Une noble fierté & un caractère de force & de vigueur marqué dans toute sa personne, imprimoit d'abord un sentiment de crainte. Mais cette physionomie guerrière étoit adoucie par une agréable sérénité répandue sur son visage. Il avoit le cœur grand, libéral & porté à la magnificence; plein de courage, de probité, & d'un amour pour la justice qui tempéroit son ambition naturelle: sans ce contrepois il eût été capable de tout entreprendre & de tout exécuter. Son esprit étoit vif & ardent sans être précipité; pénétrant sans défiance & sans jalousie; prudent, & tout à la fois prompt à se déterminer: enfin pour achever ici son portrait, il avoit le visage large & haut en couleur, peu de cheveux & de barbe, les yeux grands, le regard vif, mais gracieux, le col un peu gros, le nez aquilin; un tempérament délicat & assez mal-sain, mais qu'il sut ménager par une vie sobre & frugale, & par la modération dans l'usage des plaisirs.

' Ses

‘ Ses mœurs étoient chastes. Sa jeunesse toute occupée de grandes & de nobles pensées fut exemte des foiblesses de cet âge. Il se maria jeune, & ce dut être vers le tems de son voyage d’Égypte. On ne s’accorde pas au sujet du savoir de Constantin & de son goût pour les lettres : les uns ne lui en donnent qu’une teinture légère ; d’autres le font tout-à-fait ignorant ; quelques-uns le représentent comme très instruit. Eusebe son panégyriste élève bien haut sa science & son éloquence, & prouve assez mal ces grands éloges par un discours fort long & fort ennuyeux, qu’il met dans la bouche de Constantin. Il est vrai qu’étant Empereur, il fit pour les sciences & pour les lettres plus même qu’elles n’exigent d’un grand prince : non content de les protéger, de les regarder comme un des plus grands ornemens de son empire, de les encourager par des bienfaits, il aimoit à composer, à prononcer lui-même des discours. Mais outre que le goût des lettres n’étoit pas celui de la cour où il avoit été élevé, & que tous les princes de ce tems-là, excepté Maximin, ne se piquoient pas d’être sçavans, nous voyons par le peu qui nous reste de ses écrits, qu’il n’avoit guere plus de sçavoir ni d’éloquence qu’il ne lui en falloit pour se faire applaudir de ses courtisans, & se persuader à lui-même que ces qualités ne lui manquoient pas.’

‘ Constantin signaloit les commencemens de son empire par des actions plus dignes d’un souverain. Quoiqu’il fût encore dans les ténèbres du Paganisme, il ne se contenta pas comme son pere de laisser aux Chrétiens, par une permission tacite, le libre exercice de leur religion, il l’autorisa par un edit. Comme il avoit souvent dans la bouche cette belle maxime : que c’est la fortune qui fait les empereurs, mais que c’est aux empereurs à justifier le choix de la fortune, il s’occupoit du soin de rendre ses sujets heureux. Il s’appliqua d’abord à régler l’intérieur de ses états, & songea ensuite à en assurer les frontieres.

‘ Après avoir visité les provinces de son obéissance, en rétablissant partout le bon ordre, il marcha contre les Francs. Ces peuples, les plus belliqueux des Barbares, profitant de l’absence de Constance pour violer les traités de paix, avoient passé le Rhin, & faisoient de grands ravages. Constantin les vainquit, fit prisonniers deux de leurs rois, Ascaric & Ragaise ; & pour punir ces princes de leur perfidie, il les fit dévorer par les bêtes dans l’amphithéâtre : action barbare, qui deshonoroit sa victoire, & à laquelle la postérité doit d’autant plus d’horreur, que la basse flatterie des Orateurs du tems s’est efforcée d’en faire plus d’éloge.

‘ Ayant

Ayant forcé les Francs à repasser le fleuve, il le passa lui-même sans être attendu, fondit sur leur pays, & les surprit avant qu'ils eussent eu le tems de se sauver, comme c'étoit leur coutume, dans leurs bois & leurs marais. On en massacra, on en prit un nombre prodigieux. Tous les troupeaux furent égorgés ou enlevés : tous les villages brûlés. Les prisonniers qui avoient l'âge de puberté, trop suspects pour être enrôlés dans les troupes, trop féroces pour souffrir l'esclavage, furent tous livrés aux bêtes à Freves, dans les jeux qui furent célébrés après la victoire. Le courage de ces braves gens effraya leurs vainqueurs, qui s'amusoient de leur supplice : on les vit courir au-devant de la mort, & conserver encore un air intrépide entre les dents & sous les ongles des bêtes farouches, qui les déchiroient sans leur arracher un soupir. Quoi qu'on puisse dire pour excuser Constantin, il faut avouer qu'on retrouve dans son caractère des traits de cette férocité commune aux princes de son siècle, & qui s'échappa encore en plusieurs rencontres, lors même que le Christianisme eut adouci ses mœurs.

In this account of the hard fall of the brave, but unfortunate Francs, there is something extremely feeling and pathetic ; nor is his character of Constantine less animated ; yet it must be acknowledged, that our author is wholly obliged to the christian writers for this amiable picture of his hero, which pagan writers reverse in many particulars. Both were either panegyrists or libellers, and neither absolutely true or false. Christians as well as Heathens, spoke as passion, prejudice, and interest, dictated : the first covered all his faults with the cloak of religion ; and the latter threw aside morality itself, to expose, nay, heighten these from their detestation of that religion. The emperor Julian, and Zosimus, describe Constantine as an ambitious, vain, voluptuous prince ; blind to every consideration but those dictated by his ambition, the aggrandizement of his family, and suggested by his minions and favourites, whom he raised to offices for which they were unfit, suffering them to sport with the miseries of the people. He is charged by some with enriching his robe with pearls, a thing not usual before his time, and with constantly wearing the imperial diadem ; proofs of his vanity and despotism. Victor the younger asserts, that for the first ten years of his reign, he conducted himself like an excellent prince ; the ten following like a robber ; and the ten last like a prodigal : and the same charge is corroborated by Zosimus. Others affirm, that no sooner he became master of the whole empire than he abandoned himself to all the most expensive and profligate diversions and pleasures ; to ban-

banquetings, revellings, and the company of buffoons ; that he loaded the people with exorbitant taxes, which he squandered on his unworthy minions ; and, lastly, that the vices of his old age more than counterbalanced the virtues of his youth. In both these opposite characters, it is probable there is some truth. Constantine was a man, and as such liable to frailty, and contradiction, in his conduct. It was the business of our historian to have scrupulously compared these portraits, and to have drawn the true features from a just mixture of both, and to have struck out truth from this collision of opinions.

The following account of the defeat of Maxentius will give our readers no unfavourable sentiments of the ability of our historian :

‘ Maxence qui ne se laissoit pas d’immoler des victimes & d’interroger les aruspices, voulut enfin consulter l’oracle le plus respecté : c’étoit les livres des Sibylles. Il y trouva que ce jour-là même l’ennemi des Romains devoit périr. Il ne douta pas que ce ne fût Constantin ; & sur la foi de cette prédiction, il va joindre son armée & lui fait passer le pont de bateaux. Pour ôter à ses troupes tout moyen de reculer, il les range au bord du Tibre. C’étoit un spectacle effrayant, & la vûe d’une armée si belle & si nombreuse annonçoit bien la décision d’une importante querelle. Quoique le front s’étendît à perte de vûe, les lignes redoublées & soutenues de corps de réserve, présentoient un mur épais qui sembloit impénétrable. Constantin beaucoup plus foible en nombre, mais plus fort par la valeur & par l’amour de ses troupes, fait charger la cavalerie ennemie par la sienne, & en même tems fait avancer l’infanterie en bon ordre. Le choc fut terrible : les prétoriens surtout se battirent en désespérés. Les soldats étrangers firent aussi une vigoureuse résistance ; il en périt une multitude innombrable, massacrés ou foulés aux pieds des chevaux. Mais les Romains & les Italiens fatigués de la tyrannie & du tyran, ne tinrent pas longtemps contre un prince qu’ils désiroient d’avoir pour maître, & Constantin se montroit plus que jamais digne de l’être. Après avoir donné ses ordres, voyant que la cavalerie ennemie disputoit opiniâtrément la victoire, il se met à la tête de la sienne ; il s’élance dans les plus épais escadrons ; les pierreries de son casque, l’or de son bouclier & de ses armes le montrent aux ennemis & les effrayent : au milieu d’une nuée de javelots, il se couvre, il attaque, il renverse : son exemple donne aux siens des forces extraordinaires. Chaque soldat combat comme si le succès dépendoit de lui seul, & qu’il dût seul recueillir tout le fruit de la victoire.

‘ Déjà

‘ Déjà toute l’infanterie étoit rompue & en déroute : les bords du fleuve n’étoient plus couverts que de morts & de mourans ; le fleuve même en étoit comblé & ne rouloit que du sang & des cadavres. Maxence ne perdit point l’espérance, tant qu’il vit combattre ses cavaliers : mais ceux-ci étant enfin obligés de céder, il prit la fuite avec eux & gagna le pont de bateaux. Ce pont n’étoit ni assez large pour contenir la multitude des fuyards qui s’entassoient les uns sur les autres, ni assez solide pour les soutenir. Dans cet affreux désordre il se rompit, & Maxence enveloppé d’une foule de ses gens, tomba, fut englouti, & disparut avec eux.

‘ La nouvelle de ce grand événement vola aussi-tôt à Rome. On n’osa d’abord la croire : on craignoit qu’elle ne fût démentie, & que la joie qu’elle en auroit donnée, en devînt un crime. Ce ne fut que la vûe même de la tête du tyran qui assura les Romains de leur délivrance. Le corps de ce malheureux prince, chargé d’une pesante cuirasse, fut trouvé le dendemain enfoncé dans le limon du Tibre ; on lui coupa la tête ; on la planta au bout d’une pique pour la montrer aux Romains.

‘ Ce spectacle donna un libre cours à la joie publique, & fit ouvrir au vainqueur toutes les portes de la ville. Laisant à gauche la voie Flaminia, il traversa les prés de Néron, passa près du tombeau de saint Pierre au Vatican & entra par la porte triomphale. Il étoit monté sur un char. Tous les ordres de l’état, sénateurs, chevaliers, peuple, avec leurs femmes, leurs enfans, leurs esclaves, accouroient au-devant de lui : leurs transports ne connoissoient aucun rang : tout retentissoit d’acclamations ; c’étoit leur sauveur, leur libérateur, leur pere : on eût dit que Rome entiere n’eût été auparavant qu’une vaste prison, dont Constantin ouvroit les portes. Chacun s’efforçoit d’approcher de son char, qui avoit peine à fendre la foule. Jamais triomphe n’avoit été si éclatant. On n’y voyoit pas, dit un orateur de ce tems là, des dépouilles des vaincus, des représentations de villes prises de force ; mais la noblesse délivrée d’affronts & d’alarmes, le peuple affranchi des vexations les plus cruelles, Rome devenue libre, & qui se recouvroit elle-même, faisoient au vainqueur un plus beau cortège, où l’allégresse étoit pure & où la compassion ne déroboit rien à la joie. Et si pour rendre un triomphe complet, il y falloit voir des captifs chargés de fers, on se représentoit l’avarice, la tyrannie, la cruauté, la débauche enchaînées à son char. Toutes ces horreurs sembloient respirer encore sur le visage de Maxence, dont la tête, haut élevée derrière le vainqueur, étoit l’objet de toutes les insultes du peuple.

C’étoit

C'étoit la coutume que la pompe du triomphe montât au Capitole, pour rendre grâces à Jupiter & pour lui immoler des victimes : Constantin qui connoissoit mieux l'auteur de sa victoire, se dispensa de cette cérémonie Payenne. Il alla droit au mont Palatin, où il choisit sa demeure dans le palais que Maxence avoit trois jours auparavant abandonné. Il envoya aussi-tôt la tête du tyran en Afrique ; & cette province, dont les plaies saignoient encore, reçut avec la même joye que Rome ce gage de sa délivrance ; elle se soumit de bon cœur à un prince de qui elle espéroit des traitemens plus humains.'

' Ces traits de sévérité (speaking of the punishment of those persons obstinately attached to Maxentius, and his unjustifiable measures) coutoient trop à la bonté naturelle de Constantin : il trouvoit dans son cœur bien plus de plaisir à pardonner. Il ne refusa rien au peuple, que la punition de quelques malheureux, dont on demandoit la mort. Il prévint les prières de ceux qui pouvoient craindre son ressentiment, & leur donna plus que la vie, en les dispensant de la demander. Il leur conserva leurs biens, leurs dignités, & leur en conféra même de nouvelles, quand ils parurent les mériter. Aradius Rufinus avoit été préfet de Rome la dernière année de Maxence : ce prince la veille de sa défaite en avoit établi un autre, nommé Annius Anulinus. Celui-ci étant sorti de charge le vingt-neuf de Novembre. peut-être pour être envoyé en Afrique où on le voit proconsul en 313, Constantin rétablit dans cette place importante le même Aradius Rufinus, dont il avoit reconnu le mérite. Il lui donna pour successeur l'année suivante Rufius Volusianus qui avoit été préfet du prétoire sous Maxence.'

As it would not be possible to continue our extracts, or convey the spirit of *Le Beau* without them, we must refer our readers to the work, which we will venture to recommend as one of the most animated, elegant, and judicious histories, which France, fruitful in fine writers, has ever produced. The two volumes published bring the Roman history no lower than the death of Constans, the son and successor of Constantine the Great ; but we hope, that the ingenious author will still continue his labours, so reputable to himself and to his country, and so useful and ornamental to the Republic of Letters.

Art. XIV. *Storia Letteraria d' Italia, Vol. XII e XIII.* Modena, 1758.

THESE two volumes of father Zaccaria's Literary History of Italy, give an account of all the books published in that country in the year 1755.

Monthly

Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 15. *Vocabulaire Anglois & François ; contenant outre les mots les plus essentiels de la langue Angloise, dont les significations differentes sont expliquées, & la prononciation marquée par des sons similaires en François, les principes de cette langue, développés d'une manière bien concise & facile à comprendre. Par V. J. Peyton, auteur des vrais principes de la langue Angloise. Davy and Law.*

WE have not seen any thing so well calculated as is this vocabulary, for teaching foreigners the pronounciation of the English language, which has been hither to deemed unattainable. Some difficulties, indeed, are altogether insurmountable, such as the pronounciation of *th*, which cannot be acquired in the way of analogy, by any foreigners that we know, except the inhabitants of Dalecarlia in Sweden, and the Icelanders, who asperate the *th*, exactly in the same manner as it is pronounced by the English.

Foreigners, in learning our language, are likewise puzzled and perplexed by the various manner in which the same words are accented and pronounced by various people, of nearly the same character and authority, as well as by the vast number of exceptions from every general rule, not yet properly ascertained, either by grammar or dictionary. It were to be wished for the honour of this country, that an academy were established, and vested with full power and authority to reform these abuses, and fix the volatility of the English tongue, which is so fluctuating and mutable.

Art. 16. *A Dissertation on the Scrofula, or King's Evil : In which the Causes and Nature of this Disease are attempted to be demonstrated ; and from which, the Prognosis, together with the most natural and rational Method of Cure, is endeavoured to be deduced. By William Scott, M. D. 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Cooper.*

This is probably the work of a young practitioner from the college of Edinburgh, brim-full of reading and theory. It is thrown into the form of aphorisms, with a commentary, like those of Boerhaave and Van Swieten ; and the margin is plentifully filled with the names of medical authors, both antient and modern. We wonder that it was not written in the Latin tongue, that the author's learning and ingenuity might be more conspicuously and extensively displayed. The truth is, we must consider this piece rather as a specimen of the doctor's talents
and

and education, than as a production, from whence we are to derive any advantage to the practice of physic. The diagnostics of the *Scrophula* are perfectly well known to every old woman in the kingdom; and there is nothing new in the methods of cure which our author has laid down, and recommended on the authority of different writers. We wish he had waited until his own practice would have supplied him with a number of cases, exhibiting the various symptoms of the disease; a faithful detail of these would have been of more service to medicine, than all that the most ingenious hypothesis can suggest. It must be owned, however, that Dr. Scott has obliged us with one very curious history of a young lady seized with this distemper, in consequence of suckling her own children, begot by a scrophulous father; which case we shall insert, for the information of the reader.

“ Generosa quædam satis sana ac vegeta, at viro in juventute strumoso, nupta; cum ex eo peperisset infantem unum alterumve, atque lactasset, mariti contagio contaminari videbatur, colulum enim tumoribus glandularum duris, ceu chœradibus, magis magisque onerabatur. Variis incassum tentatis remediis—etsi satis delicatula, indecorum morbum per annos patienter toleravit. Tandem tussis sicca ac fera eam, tum 36 annos natam invasit, per ætatem durans; ac tabescere incipiebat. Exeunte vero autumno dum ægra neque valde macilenta nec debilis valde erat; post illi somnum nocturnum mira accidit metastasis; nam ex improvise magna anxietate, cum cordis quasi compressione, correpta est, facies pallida evasit extremitates frigida, pulsus admodum debilis, vixque loqui vel movere se potuit; de femore præcipue conquesta. Totum enim femur dextrum tam tumidum ac rubicundum erat, ac si maxima pars sanguinis una cum materia tumorum, ibi stagnasset, evanuerunt enim interim tumores in collo. Medicus ordinarius summo mane vocatus est qui rite symptomata perpendens, non ausus est prescribere quid faciendum sine consilio senioris & in praxi magis versati. Accersitus est illico illustris.—Dum de natura & medela tam atrocis, & vix prius auditi morbi deliberarent, opinio junioris medici erat ut sustineretur, & augeretur vis vitæ tenuioribus cardiacis, &c. et applicaretur femori cataplasma emolliens: At requiri hic medicamentum magis efficax sensit senior; & vesicatorio satis largo inter scapulas applicato, medelam esse tentandam. Hoc factum est: et spatium viginti quatuor plus minus horarum æque bene se habuit ægra, ac die ante paroxysmum; paulatim enim evanuit tumor femoris, anxietas, &c. Sed tumores glandularum tam magni atque duri facti sunt, ac unquam antea, secunda nec minus

minus merabili metestasi. In hoc statu permanfit ægra quatuordecim diebus, cum fimilis paroxysmus eam invasit ac iisdem stipatus symptomatis, permanentibus tamen duritie et magnitudine tumorum colli. Unanimi tum consensu, methodus a juniori prius proposita secuta est, et æque felici successu. At post tres septimanas in tertio paroxysmo extincta est."

Art. 17. *The Times! An Epistle to Flavian.* 4to. Price 1s. Pottinger.

The author of this essay seems to be aware of the difficulty of writing familiar epistles in verse; but the folly of the times has provoked him to an effort.

Facit indignatio versus.

We will not flatter him so much as to put him on a level with Horace, or even with Pope, in this kind of writing: nevertheless, we must own, that his epistle abounds with sentiment; and that, in many places, the versification is spirited and easy. For example,

' Be apathy the boast of stoic drones !

Who vie for senselessness with stocks and stones,

And would have life resemble glacial seas

Where all the vessels ice-bound lie and freeze.

' Yes! non existent, and from passions free,

Are much the same. Without their impulse, we,

Like ships be-calm'd, would have no steerage-way :

Passions are gales that hold the sails in play :

'Tis they make life, with briskness, forward go ;

They're only dangerous when they overblow.

Nor then despair : while Reason's at the helm,

No rock can wreck, no waves can overwhelm ;

Steer she but steady, nothing needs appal ;

Roar wind, rage sea, your bark shall weather all.'

Art. 18. *An accurate and authentic Journal of the Siege of Quebec, 1759. By a Gentleman in an eminent Station on the Spot.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Robinson.

This is a concise diary of the transactions of our fleet and army, from their leaving Louisbourg to the reduction of Quebec. It seems to be written with candour and moderation; but is neither circumstantial nor entertaining. One will be at a loss to conceive, how a man could write so drily on such an in-

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teresting subject. He will be still more surprised at the conquest our arms have made, when he has read this account of the strength of Quebec, and the numberless difficulties which our troops have so happily surmounted.

Art. 19. *The Sentiments of an Englishman, on Lord George Sackville's Address to the Public, some other Publications, and on the Talk of the Town.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Cooper.

This is a defence of Lord G——'s conduct, extracted from the three letters published under the title of his vindication. The author acquits himself with ability and moderation, and endeavours to prove, 'that there were contradictory orders received: that they were only to advance to the support of part of the foot: that Lord George considered no material time could be lost by his speaking to the prince; that no material time was lost by his doing of it; and that he then received other orders, which he punctually obeyed: that the foot he was appointed to support, if engaged at all, were never broken; consequently he did not engage at all, because there was no opportunity offered him for doing it: that there never was any order sent him either to charge or to pursue; and that he was actually at his post when the battle was declared gained, and he was ordered to dismount his men: that, therefore, all the duty he was commanded to he actually performed: that no evil did result from the hesitation he made, and, consequently, that no other commander of that cavalry could have contributed towards the making of the victory more compleat and more brilliant: so that the charge against Lord George was without sufficient foundation, and the censure he received must have been both unmerited and injurious.'

Art. 20. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Ligonier, occasioned by the Dismissal of Lord George Sackville from all his Military Employments. To which is prefixed, a short Appeal to the People of Great Britain.* fol. Pr. 1s. Seymour.

Here we have a modest, though spirited, remonstrance upon the hardship incurred by Lord G——, in being deprived of the privilege of a fair trial. 'If what I have been informed be true (says he) that a court-martial can now neither acquit nor condemn him, Lord George Sackville is a melancholy instance, that a nobleman, an officer, an Englishman, may be censured, dismissed, and left a prey to ignominy, without being allowed that privilege, which the meanest Englishman has a right to demand,

mand, 'a LEGAL TRIAL.' I have the honour to be with the
utmost respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient, &c.'

This observation is the more remarkable, as it comes from
a person who seems to entertain an unfavourable opinion of his
lordship's behaviour in the battle of Thornhausen.

Art. 21. *A second Letter to a late noble Commander of the British
Forces in Germany. In which the noble Commander's Address to
the Public, his Letter to Col. Fitzroy, together with the Colonel's
Answer, and Capt. Smith's Declaration, are candidly and impar-
tially considered. By the Author of the first Letter. 8vo. Price
1s. Griffiths.*

We think this author is consistent with himself, in producing
a second letter, like unto his first, flimsy, specious, sophistical,
and insidious, calculated for the malignant purpose of inflam-
ing the vulgar to outrage against a nobleman, who is so pecu-
liarly circumstanced, as to labour under the imputation of guilt,
without the privilege of being fairly tried by his country.
There cannot be a surer sign of a bad heart, illiberal mind,
and cruel disposition, than this practice of collecting hearsays
and vague reports, with a view to prepossess the public against
any man, whose conduct stands in need of a legal vindication.

Art. 22. *An Answer to a Letter to a late noble Commander of the Bri-
tish Forces. In which the Candor is proved to be affected, the Facts
untrue, the Arguments delusive, and the Design iniquitous. 8vo.
Pr. 1s. Owen.*

We would recommend the perusal of this pamphlet to those
who have read the productions of the author last mentioned.
They will here see him detected in repeated falsehoods of the most
rancorous nature; and perhaps wonder that so much virulence
should have dropped from the pen of a man, whose passions
(we are apt to believe) were not at all interested in the subject.
The piece before us is bold, nervous, and masterly; though in
some places the stile is inflated; and, in others, the author
seems to lose his temper, and to degenerate into abuse.

Art. 23. *A Reply to an Answer to a Letter to a late noble Com-
mander of the British Forces in Germany. 8vo. Price 6d.
Thrush.*

Neither common sense, nor common English.

Art. 24. *The Black Book ; or, a Complete Key to the late Batt'e at Minden. By a Blacksmith. 4to. Pr. 1s. Seymour.*

This is a sort of a review of divers pamphlets, which have been published by the enemies and friends of L— G— S—, relating to his conduct at the battle of Minden. The author seems to have had no other design than that of patching up a shilling pamphlet of quotations; for he is very sparing of his own reflections, among which, however, we find ourselves very falsely accused of partiality.

Art. 25. *The Proceedings of a Court Martial, appointed to enquire into the Conduct of a certain Great Man. Together with their remarkable sentence. Inscribed to the President of the said Court. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Hall.*

This is no other than a repetition of the common charge against lord G——e, thrown into the form of a trial. With regard to the propriety of this trial, we shall observe, that the supposed court-martial is composed of general Faintheart, colonels Dastard, Whiteliver, Lightfoot, Charles Fribble, William Startle, John Fearful, William Shrinkback, Francis Flinch, John Tremble, James Dreadfoe, and the Hon. Gustavus Coward; and that this court, so constituted of poltroons, unanimously found lord G——e guilty of cowardice. As to the author's candour, it is sufficiently expressed in these questions, viz. Quest. Did his lordship, in making this objection, discover any symptoms of fear, or shew a reluctance to fight? Ans. He appeared to be under some disorder, which he seemed to take pains to conceal. Quest. Did he ask this with any sort of trepidation? Ans. His voice faltered as he spoke. Quest. Did he say this with any sort of hesitation? Ans. He said it in a manner that shewed he was desirous to retard it as much as possible.

Since this honest pamphleteer was in the way of inventing circumstances to blacken the character of the culprit, he might have contrived an hundred symptoms of fear more flagrant than these, with the same truth and humanity. The piece is eked out with three letters from Voltaire, Contades, and Broglio, in imitation of those that were transmitted from Geneva, in favour of the unfortunate admiral Byng.

Art.

Art. 26. *A Parallel (in the Manner of Plutarch) between the Case of the late Hon. Admiral John Byng, and that of the Right Hon. Lord George Sackville. By a Captain of a Man of War.* 8vo. Price 1s. Stevens.

As much like Plutarch as orator Higgins was like Tully : a very impudent piece of scurrility, replete with refuted falsehoods, in which we are at a loss to distinguish whether malice or dulness is the predominating characteristic.

Art. 27. *The genuine Letter from a Pr—te in Ir—nd to the Great Man; as it was advertised to be published about three Weeks ago, by Mr. Burd, at the Temple-Exchange, but suppressed.* 8vo. Price 1s. Hall.

This decent performance is dedicated by its editor, to *the most irreverend father in the devil* ONAN, archbishop of Sodom and Gomorrah ; and is a proper sequel to a letter of nearly the same title, which the reader will see mentioned in the last number of the Critical Review. It has been a practice among the most abandoned miscreants, when prompted by necessity or revenge, to propagate the suspicion of sodomy against those from whom they either wanted to extort money, or derive gratification to the most diabolical resentment. It is a melancholy reflection, that the most venerable and innocent character is not safe from such treacherous insinuations, which, however false and unfounded, never fail of leaving a stain equally infamous and indelible.

Art. 28. *The Truth and nothing but the Truth. So help me God.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Hall.

A very weak pamphlet, dedicated to the duke of Dorset, in which the author endeavours to convict L— G— S—, on the evidence of the three letters which a bookseller published, as his lordship's vindication, without his consent or knowledge. Our pamphleteer attempts to wound like the Parthians, by seeming to turn his back upon the charge, which has been brought against L— G—e. He pretends to believe the letters are forged, because it cannot be supposed, that Lord G— would really write a letter, by which he stands self-convicted.

He seems to be a superficial inquirer, ill qualified for the task he has undertaken. Truth lies at the bottom, and he will never be able to reach it, while he continues thus to float upon the surface.

- Art. 29. *An Ode: occasioned by the Success of Admiral Boscawen. By a Gentleman of the University of Oxford.* 4to. Price 6d. Baldwin.

This is a well-executed essay, to rouse the spirit of poetry in a place where talent and genius seem to rust in indolence. It is to be hoped, that the banks of the Isis and Cam will now resound with the voice of the muse, enlivened by the success of the British arms. Let the genius of Pindar inspire some son of Britain to celebrate a year of conquest scarce to be paralleled in the annals of his country: let the delicate and tender spirit of Tibullus revive, to mourn in elegiacs the untimely fate of that all-accomplished youthful hero, who fell, covered with laurels, in the arms of victory; green in age, but ripe in glory.

- Art. 30. *The Lamentations of the People of France, found under the King's Cover at Versailles. Translated into English, by a Gentleman of France.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Rivington and Fletcher.

The individuals that constitute the French ministry are well characterised in this performance, which is a severe satire on the reign of Lewis XV. The English translation is poorly executed, and vilely printed on abominable paper.

- Art. 31. *Impartiality to the Publick in general.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Robinson and Kearsly.

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.

If there was an article in the decalogue to this purpose. 'Thou shalt not write nonsense;' we should not scruple to pronounce the author of this pamphlet guilty of a transgression. But, thank heaven! the liberty of playing the fool on paper is one of the privileges of a British subject.

- Art. 32. *An Ode to the Right Hon. the Marchioness of Granby in the Year 1758.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Newbery.

Though the execution of this ode be unequal, in some parts lame, in others incorrect, there is a wildness of fancy, and poetical spirit, that glow through the whole. The following description of the genius of the Rutland family, and his address to the marchioness of Granby, is well imagined and affecting.

‘ With smiles serene,
Such as ever beaming play

On

On the brows of spirits blest,
 In the realms of endless day,
 And diffuse, where'er they move,
 Like the gay sun, thro' every breast,
 Light and comfort, joy and love!

With smiles serene,
 He saw the generous passions as they strove!
 He saw applauding, wav'd his head,
 With amaranthine flowrets crown'd:
 His rich celestial plumage shook; and shed
 Ambrosial odours all reviving round:
 And thus with tender sympathy address'd,
 And thus with tone mellifluous lull'd to rest
 The heaven-born passions all approv'd,
 That anxious throb'd and strove within her breast.

" Matchless wife,---on golden pinion,
 Summon'd by thy tender care,
 From GERMANIA'S vex'd dominion,
 Like a sun-beam thro' the air,
 Have I wing'd my azure way;
 Ocean's wide waste
 In a moment o'er past
 At the summons of virtue no spirit can stay.
 Heaven approves thy sweet concern:
 Cease to fear and cease to mourn.
 From antient times and annals old,
 The care of many a baron bold
 Of RUTLAND'S gallant line,
 Hath claim'd my watchful hand and eye;
 To save, to raise in glory high,
 The pleasing business mine.
 But when the honour of the race,
 The high-born heroes I re-trace,
 Heroes that now in golden domes,
 Where everlasting pleasure blooms,
 Drink the pure nectar of delight,
 My charge thro' all the sun-fed day,
 My watch thro' all the night:
 None, none amidst them I survey,
 Whose generous worth and ample mind,
 Noble soul and nature kind,
 So well my services repay,
 So enkindle each desire,
 Higher still to raise and higher

In the founding song of fame,
 As him, to whom the power divine
 Has to thy care, bright fair, and mine,
 Allotted equal claim !

If this be the first effort of a young poet, we may expect a higher flight from his next essay.

Art. 33. *A Letter to David Garrick, Esq; on Opening the Theatre. In which, with great Freedom, he is told how he ought to behave.* 8vo. Price 1s. Pottinger.

Here are some shrewd and pertinent observations, mingled with a great deal of personal abuse, levelled at some gentlemen to whom the public owe much agreeable entertainment.

Art. 34. *Reasons why David Garrick, Esq; should not appear on the Stage, in a Letter to John Rich, Esq;* 8vo. Price 1s. Cooke.

This facetious performance is written by some wag, in the stile and manner of a pamphlet published last year, intitled, *Reasons for removing Mr. Pitt from his Majesty's Councils*; and is, indeed, a very warm panegyric on Mr. Garrick, couched in a strain of diverting irony, apparently complaining, that while that gentleman appears upon the stage, he fascinates the eyes and ears of the audience, in such a manner, that they neither see nor hear the other persons of the drama.

Art. 35. *Much ado about Nothing. To which is added, All's Well that ends Well. By the Ghost of Shakespear.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Hall.

This is a detail of a nocturnal ramble, supposed to be made by the ghost of Shakespear, through the modern scenes of this metropolis; and is so very dull, insipid, and unentertaining, that if the spirit of that great author was capable of writing such nonsense, we think it should be damned to the lowest pit of oblivion.

Art.

Art. 36. *A Sermon, preached at the Mayor's Chapel in Bristol, on the late Fast-Day, February 16, 1759. By the Rev. R. Olive, A. M. Vicar of Burnham. Published at the Request of the Audience. 4to. Farley, Bristol.*

We are sorry to see the clergy so ready in publishing their discourses at the request of their audience, who are not always the most adequate judges of literary merit, and frequently intend it only as compliment to a man they respect. We do not mean by this insinuation, to condemn the sermon before us; we would only hint, that discourses may be heard with applause, which will be read with indifference. That the reverend author of this sermon is no bad subject preacher, or politician, will appear from the following extract:

‘Let the fatal events of war awaken our repentance, alarm the faculties of our souls, and rouse them from the lethargy of sin;—for this indeed is the most *rational*, and this, doubtless, will be the most effectual method of demonstrating that we are sincere in our prayers,---and never surely had we more reason to be sincere in this our prayer than *now*; when not only our peculiar enemy, with whom we are at war, is using all his force and stratagems to subdue and triumph over us; but several other powers also appear to be aiming at the total subversion of the protestant religion, which, how far it might have been already effected, had not the almost inconceivable steadiness, as well as skill and courage of one gallant prince been made an instrument in the hand of Providence (for so it plainly appeareth) to defeat their purposes, can be known to God only. May the Lord of Hosts continue to bless his efforts with success, for the preservation of Europe, from the growth and rage of Popery!

‘I should now have done, but cannot with satisfaction to myself, or justice to you, close my discourse, without again recollecting by whose authority we are here assembled. The authority of our royal sovereign and master, shall I say? Or shall I call him by the more endearing title of the father of his people?—Nor can it surely be alien to the purpose of our being assembled, if among other cogent reasons for our being earnest with our God to protect us in the dangers of war, and to crown our arms with success, and in the end with the blessing of peace, I endeavour to stir up your minds from the particular consideration which our prince must necessarily have in every thing

thing that shall befall us.—He, who in the vigour of his day, nay, and in the decline of his life, has not spared to fight our battles, with all that intrepidity which bespoke the true love he has for his people; who now, though surrounded with trials of a severe nature, yet suffers them not to interrupt his endeavours for the public good; nor will let even the afflictions which he feels as a parent (tho' heavy enough, no doubt, to an humane and affectionate disposition) to bear down or divert his care and vigilance, as the political and governing father of his kingdoms. And of this, it will, I am persuaded, be looked upon as no inconsiderable proof, that in the administration of his Majesty's wife, provident, and strenuous endeavours for the good and safety of his people, he has taken care to be served by those who are both able and ready, greatly able and industriously ready to forward and facilitate his glorious designs; whose irreproachable integrity, sagacity and diligence, have silenced even envy itself; so that the peace of our Jerusalem seems to have no other interruption, than what cometh from foreign enmity; against which the whole nation appears so ardently to concur, and to rise up, as it were, as one man, and with one mind. This indeed is a blessing both to our king and to his kingdoms. Let us therefore pray for the continuance of this blessing; for blessed surely are the people that are in such a case!

‘What incitement must this be to every loyal and good subject, to exert his utmost zeal, aye, and the utmost strength of his arm too, to defend so brave, so good, so affectionate a prince! who would not, I say, rise up, to vindicate the honour, relieve the mind, and guard the safety of such a sovereign?’

‘But how much more should this consideration move us to pray for peace and quiet (if so by God's good pleasure it may be) to smooth and render happy the remainder (O may it be long and prosperous!) the remainder of his days, to restore to ourselves the full and uninterrupted enjoyments of his reign,---and the most valuable constitution in the known world!---That we may obtain this blessing, let us pray for the peace of Jerusalem---Let us by humiliation and contrition for our sins, and by a virtuous and religious course of life, recommend and enforce that prayer!---Let us, on our part, do this,---and God's will be done.’

Art.

Art. 37. *The particular Excellence and true State of the Bath Infirmary. A Sermon, preached at the Abby-Church, at Bath, on Sunday, April, 22, 1759; for the Support of the General Hospital or Infirmary in that City. Published at the Request of the Governors of the said Hospital. By R. Olive, A. M. Vicar of Burnham. To which is added, a short Account of the State of the Hospital, as it stood in May 1, 1759. 4to. Farley at Bath.*

This is a sensible, spirited, and pathetic exhortation to charity, in favour of the infirmary or general hospital at Bath, and we hope, will have a suitable effect upon the wealthy individuals of a nation renowned for charity and universal benevolence.

After enumerating the many difficulties a poor patient has to struggle with before he can have the benefit of the Bath Waters, he concludes with the following warm address to his hearers.—
‘ But, behold a gleam of comfort breaks in upon us to enliven the hearts of the afflicted poor, and dispel the cloud that hangs over them, while charity is heard, as it were, to assume the expression of my text, and to cry aloud, *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye buy and eat; yea buy wine and milk, without money and without price.*

‘ Such seems to be the language of that generous design, which now recommends itself to your particular attention. A design so noble, so intently comprehensive—The foundation and first structure of which has been laid and executed by such a wonderful *liberality* from those by whom it was originally *planned*; and who have ever since been no less careful and liberal in their endeavours to make it lasting, as well as useful;—a design so wisely, so religiously calculated for the recovering our poorer brethren from their distress; the greatest worldly distress that we know, even from sickness and poverty; which are evils that must mutually and severely aggravate each other;—a design so truly great, and so truly christian, that it were not easy, I believe, even in imagination to frame one more worthy our admiration, our praise, or our encouragement, because there can be, I think, none more necessary,

‘ Nor can I forbear to add, that not only the *nature*, but *management* and *execution* of it, by those who, from time to time, have presided over and assisted in the care and direction of it, will, if duly considered, serve to place it in a most pleasing light.

‘ The

* The strict attention which all along *has* and to this hour *is* paid to the several circumstances of those who can be admitted to its benefits—the proper supplies and disposal of all things requisite for their several conditions—The kind, the diligent, the disinterested attendance of those, whose learning and experience have rendered them particularly capable of giving their advice and assistance, must be no small recommendation both of the charity itself, and of those who so generously superintend it!

* The particular tenderness shewn to the several patients, and at the same time the regard that is paid to their moral and religious behaviour,—the general oeconomy in short, and management of the whole is so remarkable, so constant, and so well judged, under the care of persons whose goodness alone and generosity of spirit induces them to take that burden upon themselves, that if there really *was not* all that superior utility, which there certainly *is* in the design itself, in which they are engaged; yet were it a pity, methinks, that their benevolent endeavours should fail of receiving, not only our best thanks, but our best encouragement and assistance; or that any part of their labour should be in vain.—In vain I mean, in regard to the design of the charity, and the advantage of our poor brethren:—as to themselves it can never be so—for the Lord will reward them—No, their labour shall never be in vain in the Lord.

* But why? it may be asked, why this appearance of doubt? as if there could be any reason to apprehend that an institution so well calculated for universal good, could fail of such support as might be sufficient for it.

* Such a question would bring me under a disagreeable necessity of once more changing the scene, and from the pleasure that arises from the consideration of their being so desirable, so laudable a scheme of charity, not only laid and executed, but through a course of some years properly supported, to the relief of great numbers, who must otherwise, 'tis probable, have lived in misery, or died through want.—From this pleasing consideration, I say, I must, with reluctance, descend to the most unwelcome part of the office consigned me, the informing you, for it is necessary so to do, that, thankful as we are for all the kind assistance this charity has met with, and right thankful for it we are; yet, true it is, that the frequent calls of miserable objects have of late years so enhanced the expences of the infirmary, at the same time that a deficiency in point of annual aid, has occasioned such a diminution of its abilities to answer those calls, that there has arisen an urgent pressing necessity of
not

not only *breaking* in upon the *capital fund*, on the interest of which the charity was *ultimately* to rely, but lessening it also to a considerable degree, and taking from it near a thousand pounds, in little more than the space of two twelve-months!

‘ But let it not be thought that we complain of this!—we do not complain of it: but rather attribute it to the peculiar circumstances of the times, and the extraordinary dearth of the chief necessities of life, which may, through some late seasons, have produced many other *unusual* claims on the benevolence of the good and charitable;—we would attribute it to any thing, to any uncommon or unknown contingencies, rather than to a falling off of good-will in those, who are acquainted with the extensive usefulness of this institution, the good effects it can already boast of, and the prospect of future relief which it promises to the poor and miserable, as long as it shall meet with such assistance as it presumes to hope for.

‘ To *hope* for, did I say? Nay, to *promise* itself.—Confident, that now, when it has pleased God to turn our scarcity (whether natural or artificial) into a plentiful abundance;—when he *hath crowned the year with his mercy, and his clouds have dropped fatness, so that the hills have rejoiced on every side, and the valleys have stood so thick with corn that, in the Psalmist’s phrase, they have rejoiced and sung; when our garners are full and plenteous with all manner of store*;—it can never be, but that the present diminished estate of this glorious charity will be abundantly renewed by such an encrease of subscribers to it (as well occasional as annual) as may restore it to its former ability, and render it capable of extending its influence to its wonted limits.

‘ Such is our trust, such is our confidence in *your* goodness:—and in return for that goodness, will the thankful poor, still *looking up unto the hills whence cometh their help*, continually send up their prayers for you to the throne of grace; and *He* who sitteth thereon, and heareth the supplications of the poor and needy shall pour down upon your heads the abundance of his blessings.—Even so, O heavenly Father, may it seem good in thy sight—to whom with the Son and Holy Ghost, be ascribed as is most due, all power and might, adoration, praise and thanksgiving both now and for evermore!’

Art. 38. *A short Answer to a Sett of Queries, annexed to a Pamphlet lately published, pretending to be an historical Account of the Rise, Progress, and Management of the General Hospital or Infirmary in the City of Bath. By a Governor of the said Charity. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Cooper.*

Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

MART.

The reader, by turning over to our Number for December, 1758, will find our opinion of the performance to which this pamphlet is an answer. We shall not now pretend to comment upon these answers, for reasons that will appear in the following article: but we cannot help observing, that the author of this piece has not adhered to the maxim avowed in his own motto; *parcere personis, dicere de vitiis*. Far from treating Dr. Baylies in this manner, he has, in different parts of the pamphlet, broke out into personal and illiberal abuse.

Art. 39. *A full Reply to a Pamphlet, entitled, A short Answer to a Sett of Queries directed to the principal Conductors of the General Hospital, or Infirmary, in the City of Bath. By William Baylies, M. D. and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh. 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Millar.*

It appears from this production, that if Dr. Baylies finds himself aggrieved, he knows full well how to do himself justice; and may say with Horace,

*Quis me commorit, melius non tangere clamo:
Flebit, & insignis toto cantabitur urbe.*

It is not without reluctance that we intermeddle in such disputes, even so far as to give our opinions, in consequence of the plan we have laid down for reviewing new literary productions: but we can safely say, that on this occasion we are influenced by no prejudice or partiality, having no connexion whatever with the parties on either side of the question. Armed with this consciousness, we declare, that, to the best of our judgment, the replies of Dr. Baylies often amount to a full refutation; and that he seems to have good reason for asserting, that the œconomy of the hospital at Bath is too much influenced by a medical cabal.

Art.

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Art.

Art. 41. *The Universal Parish Officer. Containing all the Law now in Force, relating to Parish Business, ranged in Alphabetical Order. Very proper for Attornies, Constables, Church-wardens, Justices, Overseers of the Poor, Surveyors of the Highways, and all Persons in Office, who would gain a competent Knowledge of this Branch of the Law, so as to enable them to discharge their respective Duties with Ease and Expedition. It is also very proper for every House-keeper and Inhabitant, who is desirous of being perfectly acquainted with the Laws relating to Parishes, that he may not entirely rely upon the Skill of Parish Officers, who are but too frequently unacquainted with some material Part of their Duty. This Work is entirely freed from the Errors, Obscurities, and Repetitions of former Writers on this Subject. Collected from the Common, Statute, and other authentic Law-Books. Interspersed with many useful Precedents. To which is added, A compleat Index to the Whole. By a Gentleman of the Middle-Temple. 12mo. Pr. 3s. Coote.*

In speaking favourably of this work, we do not mean to lessen the merit of former performances of the same kind. Many have been the treatises on this subject; but the work before us seems to comprehend the most useful matters relating to Parish Law. It is a clear alphabetical Abridgment, and the extracts appear to be done with perspicuity. As a pocket-volume, it claims the preference in utility; and we make no doubt but it will prove an acceptable present, as well to the gentlemen of the profession, as to the public in general.

